

# Lincoln's Herald

Chris Adve & Journal

VOLUME LXI.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1884.

NUMBER 41.

## Zion's Herald,

PUBLISHED BY THE  
Boston Wesleyan Association,  
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stations preachers in the Methodist  
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their  
locality.  
Price to all ministers, \$1.50 per year. All  
other subscribers, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

### IN HARVEST-TIME.

BY BEN E. BEXFORD.

Up, for the morn is passing,  
The noon is near at hand,  
And golden for the harvest  
The world's wide wheat-fields stand.  
And hark! upon the hillside  
We hear the sickles ring,  
And to their merry music  
The busy reapers sing.

Why stand ye idle, waiting,  
While harvest-fields are white  
Wherein ye should be reaping?  
Ere long will come the night.  
Arise from sloth and dreaming,  
No longer let us wait,  
But do our share in harvest  
Upon our Lord's estate.  
Alas! for those who linger  
Until it is too late!

### THE FATHER OF TEETOTALISM.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M. A.

The last mail from England has brought the intelligence of the demise of Joseph Livesey, esq., Preston, Lancashire, who was the father of teetotalism. Others had labored in the cause of temperance, then known as the Moderation Society, but he was the first person who ventured to recommend a pledge of entire abstinence from all that can intoxicate. It was deemed a most extravagant and utopian method to accomplish what all desired—a sober community.

Sept. 1, 1832, was the day on which Mr. Livesey and his six heroic associates signed the pledge of abstinence—a pledge, by the way, which was drawn up by Mr. Livesey. The paper to which those immortal seven names are attached has been preserved, and will henceforth be deposited in that grand record of antiquities—the British Museum.

The noble men who had taken such a bold stand among the heroic men of their day were not ashamed to proclaim their principles. Accordingly they became teetotal itinerants, known for many years they were known as "the seven men of Preston." The term "tee-total" has rather a singular origin. A meeting was being held at Preston at which various opinions had been expressed as to the best means to be adopted to banish drunkenness. Some contended for moderation, but Dickey Turner, who was himself a reclaimed drunkard, said, "I'll have nought to do with this moderation, bitheration pledge. I'll be right down tee-tee-total forever." "Well done!" exclaimed the audience. "Well done, Dickey!" said Mr. Livesey, "that shall be the name of our new pledge." It may be observed that the prefix "tee" is sometimes used in Lancashire to express emphasis. Thus a thing irredeemably lost is said to be "teetotally" lost, or a piece of work completed is said to be "teetotally" finished.

The seven men of Preston who formed the first "teetotal" society went forth into all parts of the county and proclaimed the new doctrine. Their manner of procedure was somewhat singular. They would borrow a small vehicle, usually a light cart, and would go into a village or town and blow a horn, spring a rattle, or beat a drum, and there and then address such citizens as they had drawn from their houses or elsewhere; or they would move a little further and act in a similar manner until they had published their meeting extensively, and wait until the hour of public meeting in any place they might be able to procure. For the most part they would relate their experience, and the enthusiasm thus produced was sometimes very great.

Mr. Livesey, however, was the most fluent speaker of the company, and soon he became distinguished as an earnest, eloquent advocate of temperance. His early educational advantages were very meagre, having been left an orphan when he was

only seven years of age, and had mainly to "paddle his own canoe." But though brought up to the trade of hand-loom weaver, which occupied several hours every day, he nobly resolved to acquire knowledge, and for this purpose was accustomed to sit by the side of the fire in the evenings and peruse his book long after the other inmates of the house had retired to rest. The knowledge which he thus acquired under such difficulties was of great service to him in all his subsequent life. Now in the advocacy of temperance he spoke with freedom, and in addition to his public advocacy he utilized the press. Great numbers of leaflets and small pamphlets were issued at his expense and scattered broadcast throughout the country. He also commenced the publication of temperance journals, and sold them as cheap as possible so that they might have an extensive sale, as his object was not so much to make money as to do good, especially among the working classes of the community. Some of his publications had an immense sale, as, for instance, his famous "Lecture on Malt Liquor," which was one of the most popular temperance brochures of the day, had a circulation of three million copies!

Mr. Livesey, though always known as a temperance reformer, did not confine himself solely to temperance, but espoused every cause which was deemed worthy of his energies. Messrs. Cobden and Bright, the Corn Law agitators, found in him an earnest and faithful ally. Indeed, he was always ready both by voice and pen to advocate the claims of every society which contemplated the removal of abuses and the bettering the condition of his fellow-men.

Though of humble parentage and the architect of his own fortune, he plodded with patient industry through life in all the branches of business to which he devoted himself. After laying aside the hand-loom, he borrowed a small sum of money and commenced a provision store. Then he became a printer and publisher. As a business man he was distinguished for sterling integrity. His word was his bond, hence all classes of the community had unbounded confidence in his honor, and elevated him to various positions of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the town council, a commissioner of police, a poor-law guardian, besides being connected with some banking institutions. He was a lover of his race, and lived to do good, and many are the monuments which stand in Preston in proof of his kind heart and public spirit. Drinking fountains, and large drinking troughs for cattle and horses were erected, mainly at his suggestion.

Ten thousand people walked in the procession which followed his remains to the tomb. Rev. Charles Garrett, with whom he had often fought the battles of temperance, and other ministers performed the religious services in connection with his funeral. He was a noble Christian man, who was spared until he was 91 years of age. His noble, godly life should cause young men especially to walk in his footsteps. The 91st Psalm is a beautiful portrayal of his career. May we never forget the promise of God, "Them that honor Me I will honor."

### LETTER FROM NEBRASKA. Bishop Mallaliou's Popularity—A Proposal.

BY REV. B. H. BADLEY.

The Nebraska Conference closed its session at noon to-day, and at half past one four trains, going in as many different directions across this beautiful prairie State, bore away the happy preachers to another year of labor. Bishop Mallaliou hastened on to his next Conference in Wisconsin, beginning day after to-morrow. The Nebraska is the "Amen Conference" of the Northwest. Its members are heartier and more frequent than in any other Conference the writer has attended for years; its members seem to be shouting happy all the time. The Conference roll bears a number of honored names—Father Gage, the oldest preacher in Nebraska; T. B. Lemon, D. D., superintendent of the West Nebraska Mission, whose home for years has been on the frontier among the "cow-

boys;" W. G. Miller, D. D., formerly of Milwaukee, now presiding elder of the Lincoln district; J. G. Miller, recently nominated for governor by the Nebraska Prohibitionists, and elected—to everlasting remembrance by his royal gifts of \$20,000 to the Church Extension Society, and \$20,000 to the Missionary Society, who has been in Nebraska nearly a quarter of a century, a large-hearted, princely Methodist preacher; R. N. McCaig, the popular pastor of our great church at Lincoln, the State capital, where in two years he has seen the membership increase from 300 to 687; Presiding Elder Britt and his associate in the recent General Conference, Dr. E. Thomson, president of the Nebraska Methodist Episcopal College located at York—these and a host of younger men are making this one of the choicest Conferences in the West.

The session has been remarkable for deep spirituality; songs of holy triumph have been sung even in the midst of business sessions. The prayers were from the heart. The anniversary were well attended; that of the Freedmen's Aid Society was especially interesting; Dr. G. W. Gray with his eloquent map captivated his large audience, as he does wherever he goes. Bishop Mallaliou's addresses were full of feeling and will not soon be forgotten. His sermon on Sunday was of remarkable power; he preached from the text, "Unto Him that hath loved us," etc.; and so he closed, leaving his large audience in tears. Shouts of victory and loud hallelujahs were heard all over the church. The Holy Spirit was present. The earnest preacher, impressed with the thought that some sinner present wanted to be saved, asked for seekers of pardon; five raised their hands, of whom several at least were subsequently converted. In the afternoon the Bishop took part in the children's meeting, and later in the day preached on the streets; in the evening he followed the missionary address of the writer with a powerful exhortation. It was a memorable Sunday.

In the past four and a half weeks Bishop Mallaliou has presided at the annual meeting of the West Nebraska Mission, the North Nebraska and the Nebraska Conferences. Besides, he has visited Omaha, Lincoln, and all the large cities in the State, delivering addresses in behalf of our college at York, and creating an enthusiasm which it is hoped will add to the endowment fund of this school at least \$50,000. The Bishop has not had an idle day, or half-day, in Nebraska. He has familiarized himself with Nebraska Methodism, and knows the field thoroughly. The Conference passed a very complimentary resolution—not a whit too strong—showing its appreciation of his unselfish and unremitting labors. He bears with him the love of all our people, especially the preachers, to whom he has greatly endeared himself. This was his first work in his new sphere, and he has shown himself a worthy follower of Wesley and Asbury. He is at home everywhere—in the pulpit, in the Conference room, in the parlor and on the street. May he be long spared to the church! His closing words to the Conference were: "Take for your motto the two mottoes of the Wesleyan Church last year and this: 'A revival of religion in every country, and salvation in every home!'"

Boston will be sorry to lose Bishop Mallaliou. His presence would be a blessing to any city, and New Orleans is to be congratulated upon his removal thither. He will find plenty to do, and will do it enthusiastically and well. Perfunctoriness is a word not found in his vocabulary.

It is proposed to carry the good Bishop's name to India—to endow a "Bishop Mallaliou scholarship" in the Centennial School at Lucknow. Permit a few words of explanation as to the project and its feasibility. The Centennial School at Lucknow dates from 1866—the centenary year of American Methodism. It began its work in 1877, and has had an interesting history. It has a fine campus of six acres, upon which stands a beautiful building with chapel and twelve recitation-rooms; it has a growing endowment, and is likely to soon receive \$20,000 for this purpose; it has twelve teachers besides

its principal—at present Rev. J. W. Waugh, D. D. It is to be the college for our native converts' sons, and has already an attendance of three hundred students, Christians and others, a number of whom are studying for the ministry.

Ram Chandra Bose, lay delegate from North India to the recent General Conference, who became a Christian while attending a mission college, says of the school: "I know of no institution in connection either with our own or with other missions so well fitted to serve the status of the native Christian community in every respect as our own Christian college in this large and influential city. [Lucknow has a population of 275,000; the Province of Oudh, of which it is the capital city, contains 11,000,000 people.] Within its walls the young men on whom the choicest hopes of that community are centered, receive a liberal education, and are at the same time not merely shielded from the demoralizing influences by which the very best fruits of government educational establishments are often blighted, but thoroughly equipped for the various duties they are to be called upon as members of aggressive churches in a non-Christian country to discharge."

An institution fitted to subserve such a variety of noble objects is certainly deserving of encouragement and support. The moderate sum of \$30 per annum educates a native youth in this school—pays all the bills. The sum of \$500 establishes a perpetual scholarship. The principal is invested, and the interest only (\$30 per year) is used. As a rule, a student will remain with us six years; when one graduates another will take his place; and so on as long as years are counted. If \$500 can be secured, the "Bishop Mallaliou scholarship" will be an accomplished fact. The royal-hearted Bishop would be delighted to be thus remembered; and the writer (appointed by Bishop Foster as financial agent of the school) would greatly enjoy carrying back the proposed sum for the school. The English Government has a high opinion of the school, and generously proposes to duplicate all these endowment donations; \$500, therefore, means \$1,000 to us in India. Here is an opportunity for a splendid investment—for a grand centennial offering. Who will respond?

I expect to return to India November 1. Until then my address will be Bevington, Iowa.  
On the Wing, September 22.

### ACROSS TWO COUNTRIES; or, Four Thousand Miles by Rail.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

I. Our first journey to Mexico was made in the spring of 1874. It was by steamer from New York via Havana and several gulf ports, to Vera Cruz, and thence by rail over those marvelous *cumbres* to the City of Mexico. The time necessary for the journey was sixteen days. Matters are now changed. Our starting point and objective point are the same—Boston and the City of Mexico; the first the "Hub of the universe," the second the hub of wonderful improvements along the line of modern civilization. Yet, strange as it may seem, this last-named city had centuries of history before Boston, or the old Massachusetts colony, was settled.

Another matter worthy of note is the fact that on the day appointed for our departure, the two extremes of our journey met out on the Back Bay of the Hub. It was the inaugural day for the fourth annual exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, of which one of the most interesting features was the Mexican department. The writer was present, and, owing to the failure of the minister appointed, to respond, was called upon to offer the opening prayer. Three hours later we had commenced our four thousand miles' ride across two countries. Never did the old moon shine more serenely on the waters of Long Island Sound, nor the steamer "Bristol" carry a happier company; and of all none were more so than the missionaries returning to their field of labor in Mexico.

A few days for packing, in New York, and the twelfth of September

soon came. The evening before an affectionate "good-by" was said to many friends, some of whom will not be seen again for years, and some, perhaps, never—never where time is measured by days and nights. The cold wave prophesied for days past came during the night, and as we rolled out of Jersey City early that morning, everything and everybody seemed infused with new energy. Friendly hands came to shake ours as we passed through the City of Brotherly Love, just before noon. Riding through this city brought to mind many pleasing scenes connected with the late General Conference, and also the venerable Bishop who so recently closed his eventful and useful life. From Bishop Simpson we received our appointment to Mexico ten years ago, and only a few short days before his death we were privileged to have two brief interviews with him concerning this field, in which he always had such a lively interest. The special object of our second interview was to arrange for his little Aztec namesake (received into our orphanage during the Bishop's visit to Mexico, and supported by one of his personal friends) to come to this country and enter Ohio Wesleyan University. How well he seemed to remember the lad, and how rejoiced he was to know that he felt called to preach! The members of our mission were asked for with a tender interest, and the Bishop added: "If my health permits, I should be pleased to visit you this winter to organize the Mexico Conference and see the development of the work since my former visit."

His great heart would no doubt have been much rejoiced to see the work in its present improved condition, but now we may not know how much of our prosperity he beholds; yet, what glorious visions he has of its future—visions of which he seemed to catch glimpses as he pleaded, ever and anon, so eloquently for the support of our foreign missions.

But we must hasten on our journey. On we go through the heart of Pennsylvania. Harrisburg is reached, and Altoona passed. About bedtime we roll into musty Pittsburgh. All the day long our attention had been called to an aged blind man. He knew not which to admire most—his own continued good humor, or the faithful attentions of his youthful companion. This attendant proved afterward to be the son of the blind traveler. Both seemed greatly interested in the newspapers, as they were picked up from place to place. The old gentleman's countenance glowed with special delight as the son read aloud the latest news from Maine. And for all there was a reason; our blind traveling companion was none other than Judge West, who, in a memorable speech at the great Chicago convention, had nominated the Maine statesman for the Presidency of the United States. The blind Judge left us at Lima, Ohio, where he was to speak that night.

The beautiful day soon passed, and at sunset we heard the roar of Lake Michigan and saw the church spires of Chicago. A familiar face smiles upon us as we alight from the cars. His house is near by, and we are soon at home. Perhaps few homes are like this in all the land. The house is a large double one. In one side lives our friend with his parents, wife and children. On the other side lives the wife's parents and grandmother. It was delightful to meet around the family circle and altar four generations, all walking in the ways of the Lord.

Sunday morning found us in Trinity M. E. Church, where the writer spoke on the land and work toward which he journeyed. The same subject claimed our attention at the afternoon Sabbath-school, and at Ada St. Church at night. There are some twenty-three of our churches here, but Methodist is not as strong in Chicago as in Philadelphia or Baltimore.

Monday morning we enjoyed a visit to the Chicago Preachers' Meeting. Among others, we met the venerable looking Dr. Hitchcock and our New England Parkhurst, who, sixteen years ago, had bowed with us, as in company with other youthful penitents, we sought religion at Hamilton camp-meeting. Dr. Parkhurst, in

the remarks with which he followed us before the preachers' meeting, brought to mind many pleasant memories.

Walking about Chicago, one sees no traces of the great fire, nor, indeed, will you be likely to even hear of it unless in reply to your own questions. What will be the proportions of this rapidly-growing city no one can predict.

Tuesday noon we bade adieu to all in Chicago, and turned our faces again toward the setting sun.

Kansas City, Sept. 18, 1884.

### LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

A NIGHT ON THE CARS.

Railroad traveling in England is vastly more agreeable now than it was thirty years ago. The second-class carriages have disappeared from the Midland Railroad, and the third are almost as comfortable as the first. Some, indeed, prefer them, because they afford the opportunity of a stretch at full length when not crowded—a privilege denied to the first-class passenger, whose more luxuriously upholstered compartment is divided into arm-chair sections. The latter enables the traveler to secure more select, but not often more agreeable, society. Social dignity is an astonishing thing. Some Englishmen wear it as a gaudy old knight of the olden time might have worn his oppressively heavy armor when suffering from an acute attack of indurated rheumatism. Not all the members of the aristocracy of wealth and rank are of this stamp, but some are. In the second and third-class conveyances the Briton is much more sociable. In any class he is ordinarily courteous and communicative to Americans.

### THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

One of our fellow passengers is an extremely interesting companion. He is an Independent minister, who resides in the dales of Yorkshire—a region whose inhabitants have the reputation of singular individuality and self-assertion. He has been laboring in connection with the Murphys—father and son—and states that their work has been rewarded with unusual success. England is not half so drunken as it was a quarter of a century ago. Intemperance is disreputable. In a series of travels, extending over five weeks, only one drunkard has outraged his unwelcome presence. Still much, very much, remains to be done. Our chance acquaintance presents us with cards, each the size of a postal card, which exhibit in glaringly colored lines of unequal length, the awful evils of the drink habit. It takes the eye at once, and is a capital campaign document. Read in two or three minutes, its facts live in the memory forever. On the reverse side of the card we are informed that the money spent upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom is nearly three times as great as the total amount paid for bread; nearly four times as much as is paid for butter and cheese; four and a half times as much as is spent for milk; five times what is expended for sugar; and nearly seven times what is invested for tea, coffee, and cocoa. More money is spent for intoxicating drinks than appears upon the rent roll of all the farms and houses in the United Kingdom. Twice as much is paid for them as is invested in woolen, cotton, and linen for personal wear, and domestic and other purposes. Besides this enormous expenditure for drink, the British nation pays, in poor and police rates (because of the drink), cost of insanity, crime, vagrancy, accidents, disease, loss of labor, premature death, etc., another five hundred million dollars—thus incurring an annual loss of more than a thousand million dollars!

Working men feel the force of these brief exhibits. Total abstainers feel the need of sowing Britain knee-deep with their telling literature. The people are slow to move, but move with force and purpose when they do. The tone of the public press is that of public sentiment. It reprehends the magistrates for their wholesale licensing of men and women, who are not victuallers, but drunkard-makers. But the magistrates themselves are often brewers, or distillers, or allies of those who are such, or have investments in manufactures of want and sin. They are afraid to offend the powerful. Local option—said our *amis a-vis*—will not make much progress until the franchise is extended. The magistrates, he says, are commissioned by the lords lieutenants of counties, on the recommendation of the judicial bench. Extend the franchise by the pending amendment of two millions men to its privileges, and the judges will respect the wishes of those who have votes, and who are now so sorely injured by this deadly plague.

The Christian churches speak with clearer and more emphatic voice. The day when teetotalism was derided is gone by. It is refreshing to hear announcements of temperance meetings from pulpits whose occupants of twenty years ago were supplied with wine before and after sermon. Methodism takes leading part in this, as in all other moral and social reforms. The last Tory parliament was stigmatized as the

"publicans' and parsons' parliament." Such it was, but the parsons were not Methodist preachers. Even the clergy of the Established Church are ashamed of their Bacchanalian allies. Toryism protests much—too much—and for decency's sake will be obliged to redeem in some measure some of its many promises. Rum here, as with us, has its chief supporters in the persons of those who have vested interests in its manufacture and sale. Brewers and distillers are wholly out of place in the legislatures of either the United Kingdom or the United States.

### BOARD SCHOOLS.

The excellent board schools of the country are doing much for the proper education of the rising generation. The numerous citations of delinquent parents before the magistrates show that the compulsory education act is not a dead letter. Nor should it be. England is fast advancing to the adoption of free compulsory popular education; free in that all children may obtain it without money and without price, and compulsory in that they are legally obliged to receive it. A discussion with some passengers of the working class on the merits of the new railroad tunnel—two and a half miles long—under the Severn, and between Cardiff and Bristol, reveals how largely they have profited by modern educational facilities. Rich, childless and selfish taxpayers, as with us, grumble at the costs, but defray them notwithstanding.

### THEOLOGY.

Another gentleman who is willing to utter all his mind on sundry subjects during this all-night journey is the secretary of the Society for the Propagation of Knowledge. He was once a Methodist minister, but suffered ecclesiastical decapitation for teaching the doctrine of conditional immortality. Of course he sympathizes with the Wesleyan minister who was placed on the supernumerary list at the last annual Conference for holding—not preaching—the same doctrine. Of course, too, he dissents from the doctrine that when a man can no longer honestly teach the doctrines of the church to which he belongs, he ought honorably to retire from it. The eternal—nay, not eternal so far as earth is concerned—conflict between good and evil goes on in the old land. Singularly enough, the advocates of "the larger hope," are chiefly pessimists, and hold that humanity is growing worse. The sooner the Lord comes to close out the present unsatisfactory state of things, the better they say—they will be pleased.

### SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Meanwhile the optimists continue hard at work. They believe that the Lord knows what He is doing, and that the outcome will vindicate His glory. Such are the Wesleyan Methodists of Plymouth. Despite the weariness of a long night's travel, your scribe found his way into the imposing King Street Wesleyan Church in Plymouth, before service commenced at 11 a. m. The twentieth anniversary of the Sunday-school was celebrated. The church will contain, if crowded, two thousand hearers. The number of scholars is 878; the average attendance is 385 in the morning, and 653 in the afternoon. Sixty-seven preachers do what they can to train them up in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Lady teachers, said the preacher, are urgently needed; and he earnestly called for volunteers. Fifty pounds was the sum he asked from the crowded congregation; assuring them that it would carry the school—perhaps with other aids—through the year, and that the school was almost wholly dependent on the public collection. His sermon on Ephesians 5: 4 was eloquent and impressive. It abounded in telling poetical quotations. His was the eloquence of conviction and feeling. If, as he said, "the deepest feelings of the heart, like the largest billows of the ocean, never break into the spray of speech," we could not refrain from wishing that we might hear the sounding of that spray in case the billows should depart from their ordinary rule. The scholars were hearty and effective in their singing, somewhat noisy at intervals, but altogether of that sturdy stock which laid the foundations of a New England on the Plymouth Rock of Massachusetts.

The sentiments of the sermon were of the distinctively American school. "There is no true patriot who is not proud of the secular education that is pervading our land. We are all proud of secular education"—are statements that would not have been true of all Methodists fifty years ago. But it is nevertheless true, as most of the unfossilized now see, that the three R's are utterly incapable of taking on any other than a secular aspect in the schools maintained at the public expense. Spiritual culture, and especially of sectarian character, is almost necessarily relegated to the Sunday-school and the church in the case of those whose parents are unequalled to impart it. "There is a higher type of Christian character than that of the old Methodist ideal," he insisted. "There is no need for children going to the devil at all. They may glide out of nature into grace as the night glides into the morning, or as the winter into the summer." It is the function of the Christian church and

(Continued on page 8.)







## The Sunday School.

## FOURTH QUARTER. LESSON III.

Sunday, October 19.

1 Kings 3: 7-15.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. M.

## SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

## I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom" (Prov. 4: 7).

2. DATE: B. C. 1015.

3. PLACE: Gibeon, not far from Jerusalem.

4. PARALLEL NARRATIVE: 2 Chron. 1: 1-13.

## II. Introductory.

"So David slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David," and the full burden of the royalty fell upon the youthful Solomon. His first public act appears to have been a sharp and decisive dealing with the schemers who opposed his rule—Adonijah, Joab, Shimei and Abiathar. Then he attempted to establish his throne upon a firmer political basis by an alliance with Pharaoh's daughter. And after that he formally inaugurated his reign by a series of religious festivals. Having no temple, the people were accustomed to sacrifice and burn incense "in high places" (1 Kings 3: 2), and Gibeon, where the tabernacle was pitched, was regarded as one of the chief of these. Thither Solomon proceeded with great pomp and a retinue of the chiefs of the nation, and there, amid a vast convocation of the people, he sacrificed a thousand hecatombs—a thousand burnt-offerings—upon the altar.

In the visions of the night God acknowledged the offerings of His servant by granting him that memorable choice which was to bring to the surface his deepest wish and largely shape his character in the years that lay before him. "Ask what I shall give unto thee." And Solomon, with a keen sense of the greatness and difficulties of the trust confided to him and his own youth and insufficiency, remembering too the goodness of the Lord to his father David, begged for "an understanding heart," that he might "discern justly between good and bad," and judge the people righteously. His unselfish choice was approved by God, who not only granted his request, but added that which he might have asked for, but did not—long life, riches, and victory over his enemies. Assured of God's favor, he returned to Jerusalem, where, before the ark, he offered additional sacrifices and made a feast to all his servants.

## III. Expository.

## 1. The Choice offered (v. 5).

5. In Gibeon—six miles north of Jerusalem, on the road from Jerusalem to Joppa, now known as El-Bi. As the name implies, it was an eminence, and commanded an extensive view. On this "high place" the ancient tent or tabernacle stood, with the holy utensils, the ark excepted. Hence came Solomon in great state to celebrate his inaugural festival. The Lord appeared to Solomon—twice afterward the Lord appeared to him, the last time in a dream (1 Kings 3: 12). In a dream by night, at the close, probably, of his sacrificial offerings, when his mind was uplifted and filled with holy aspirations. Ask what I shall give thee—a challenge to prayer; a test of character. The same challenge and test are applied to all under the New Testament economy: "Ask, and it shall be given you," says the Saviour.

The national worship was still in the unsettled state in which it had been since the first entrance into Palestine. "The people sacrificed in high places." The two main objects of special reverence were the ark and the altar. The ark, a temporary tent within David's fortress on Mount Zion. The chief local sanctity still adhered to the spot where the "Tabernacle of the Congregation," the ancient "tent of the wanderers," stood, on what was called "the great high place of Gibeon." In front of it rose the venerable structure of the brazen altar, wrought by the hands of the earliest Israelite artist, Bezaleel, the grandson of Hur, more than five hundred years before. In this tabernacle ministered the chief priest Zadok, who had thence brought the sacred oil for the inauguration of Solomon, and who was now the sole representative of the Aaronic family (Stanley).

## 2. The Choice Made (vs. 6-9).

6. Unto thy servant David great mercy—a promise to his own request, and a reason for it. His father had been elevated from the shepherd to the throne, and during his whole life had enjoyed God's grace and mercy in a marked degree. According as he walked before thee—That mercy had spared him even in his guilt, but had been especially "great" when he repented. Truth, righteousness, uprightness of heart.—It is difficult to define the terms exactly. Says Vincent: "Truth" contains all his duties to God, "righteousness" his duties to men, and "uprightness of heart" the right manner of performing both sorts of duties." Then hast kept—reserved, as a crowning mercy (1 Kings 1: 48). A son to his father. This had been denied to Saul, the first king.

Children should give God thanks for His mercies to their parents, for the sure mercies of David. God's favors are then doubly sweet, when we observe them transmitted to us through the hands of those who have gone before us. The way to get the eternal perpetuity to bless God that it has hitherto been preserved (Henry).

7. Hast made thy servant king—a righteous acknowledgment, when it is remembered how formidable was the conspiracy of Adonijah, and how evidently God interposed to thwart it and secure the throne to Solomon. I am but a little child—a youth of but nineteen or twenty, keenly conscious of his immaturity, and the gravity of the duties laid upon him. Know not... to go out or come in—a proverbial or idiomatic expression for ignorance. Solomon humbly confesses that he is ignorant in matters of administration.

8. Thy servant is in the midst—that is, "appointed over," "placed in charge of." People had been chosen.—And therefore his trust would be all the more important. God's peculiar people, chosen to preserve the oracles of His truth, to enjoy covenant privileges, and to give to the world in the fullness of time its Redeemer, needed in its ruler the rarest and ripest wisdom. That cannot be numbered.—So God had promised to Abraham (Gen. 12: 16), and that promise had never been so fully realized before. Give therefore—because of all the foregoing reasons—God's mercy to David, his own elevation to the throne, his youth and inexperience, and his divinely-appointed relations to this chosen and countless people. An understanding heart to judge—the ability to look into

and decide, promptly and unerringly, perplexing cases of judgment; to detect sophistry; to unmask deceit; to rule justly and govern wisely.

He does not ask for that profound spiritual wisdom, which would teach him to know God and his own heart; in this he was always far inferior to David. His prayer is for practical sagacity, clear intelligence, quick discernment, to see the right from the wrong and the master of duplicity and double dealing, especially among the Oriental people. And this gift he received (Wm. Smith).

3. The Choice More Than Granted (vs. 10-16).

10. Speech pleased the Lord.—It was so unselfish in its essence, so noble in its purpose, so significant of what the youthful king regarded as the highest and best, that we quite expect to read that the Lord was pleased with it.

Although Solomon's choice was made "in a dream," we must regard it as springing from his will in some degree, and therefore as indicative of his moral character. Aristotle says ("Eth. Nic." 1, 15), "the dreams of good men are better than those of ordinary persons," and it seems certain that the will is often only partially suspended, even in our natural sleep. In the particular phase of sleep known in Scripture as "dream" or "vision," it may be that the mind was sometimes in possession of all its powers, and that only the body slumbered (Cook).

11, 12. Because... not asked... long life—which would have been a perfectly natural choice for a young king, so richly endowed, and with such a future before him as Solomon had. Neither had asked riches—which even in our day is regarded by so many as the highest earthly good and sought for without scruples. The life of these enemies—and how fierce these might be, and dangerous to the security of his throne, he could judge from his father's biography and the circumstances of his own elevation to the kingship. Cook especially mentions Hadad the Edomite (1 Kings 11: 14-22), and Rezon, the son of Eliadad (1 Kings 11: 23-25), who were adversaries to Solomon "all his days." I have given thee.—Solomon's prayer was more than answered even in the domain for which he asked. Not only was judicial sagacity conferred upon him, but a breadth of wisdom which lifted him far above all his royal competitors in the East (1 Kings 4: 29-34). It is not to be supposed, however, that this extraordinary endowment was bestowed *in toto* as a gift; rather, Solomon's mental faculties were so divinely stimulated and enlarged that he quickly mastered all the knowledge of his age, and then became an original explorer in hitherto unknown fields. Neither shall any arise like unto thee.—Says Cook: "In the knowledge of what was in man, and in the wisdom to direct men's souls, he was to be the wisest of all men. In such wisdom the world would know only One 'greater than Solomon.'"—

All that was worth knowing interested him. His knowledge of nature extended to all the kingdoms of creation and the products of every country (1 Kings 4: 31-33). He gave special attention to the study of man. His manifold observation and experience he expressed in maxims, of which, according to 1 Kings 4: 32, he composed three thousand. The fame of Solomon's genius and knowledge must have spread with a rapidity in proportion to the rarity of such a phenomenon as to win a ready good for any one of us personally to learn to know the wise king, and to admire his institutions and appointments (Hengstenberg).

13. Given what thou hast not asked—a characteristic of the Divine goodness, not limited to Solomon's case. To those who "seek first the kingdom of God" is given the promise that earthly good "shall be added." Riches and honor.—There is clearest evidence that there was no stint in these added gifts. Solomon's fame spread to the most remote nations, and was such as to attract even Sheba's queen to Jerusalem; while so abundant were the "riches" that silver was "nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," and "cedars" were "as the sycamores trees that are in the vale." See 1 Kings 10: 14-29.

The principle on which God blessed Solomon was not exceptional, but general. Anybody can have blessings from God on the same principle; good blessings, the Lord himself judges as to what is really good for any one of us personally to have. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is," and in no trivial sense (Cowley).

14, 15. If thou wilt walk in my ways... lengthen thy days.—Long life was conditioned upon Solomon's fidelity and obedience. Had he been as faithful to God as David was, despite the latter's fall and lapse into sin, his reign would have been extended to "length of days;" but "his wives turned away his heart unto other gods, and his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God as was the heart of David his father" (1 Kings 11: 4). Hence his comparatively early death at the age of 70 or 60. Behold it was a dream.—The revelation, as vivid and real as though it had occurred in wakeful hours, came to him while he was wrapped in slumber. While he slept, his heart was awake (Songs of Solomon 5: 2). Solomon knew that God frequently spoke to men "in the visions of the night." Came to Jerusalem... the ark—the covenant—returned from Gibeon to the tabernacle on Mt. Zion, where the ark was. Offered burnt offerings, peace offerings—a reputation, at this second shrine, of the offerings at Gibeon, though not probably on a grand scale. Possibly these offerings were an acknowledgment, on Solomon's part, of the answer to his prayer. Made a feast—following David's example (1 Chron. 16: 3; 1 Kings 8: 65).

A great feast naturally followed on a large sacrifice of peace offerings. In the same sacrifice always partook of the flesh of the victim, and he was commanded to call in to the fast the Levites, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow (Deut. 14: 29). Compare David's largess, 2 Sam. 6: 19; 1 Chron. 16: 3 (Cook).

## IV. Inferential.

1. The way to have holy dreams is to cultivate holy thoughts.

2. The life choice of each is in his own hands.

3. Humility is a condition in all successful seeking.

4. "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

5. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

6. The surest way to temporal blessings is through the spiritual.

7. "To pray well is to study well."

8. It is a good sign when we are more anxious for grace than for gold.

9. God is able to do for us more abundantly than we can ask or even think.

## V. Illustrative.

1. SOLOMON.

The epoch of Solomon's reign marks the climax of the Hebrew monarchy; and, according to the usual law of human greatness, the beginning of its decline. Starting from the vantage-ground on which the kingdom had been placed by the conquests of David, through the favor of Jehovah, he preserved its ascendancy by his wisdom, which has become proverbial, and prepared its downfall by his greatness and arrogance. Having achieved the greatest work done by any ruler of Israel since Moses—the building of the house of God upon Mt. Moriah and the settlement of His worship—he left to after times the name of

"That uxorious king, whose heart, though large, beguiled by fair illusions, fell to idols foul."—

The author and compiler of the richest maxims of wisdom in the literature of the world,

he so used up the resources of intellectual as well as sensual pleasure, as to end with the confession, "Vanity of vanities! All is emptiness and vexation of spirit" (Wm. Smith).

## 2. THE LIFE CHOICE.

That is an instructive fable which tells how Hercules, on attaining manhood, went out into solitude, and sitting down there, deliberated long and anxiously with himself which of the two ways before him it were better to take, the way of pleasure, or the way of virtue. Such a crisis, involving such a choice, happens in every life. Solomon must now make his choice, and it really lies between pleasure and duty, between temporal and eternal blessings. He may choose glory, wealth, renown—in a word, earthly pleasure and prosperity—or he may choose character, wisdom, goodness; in other words, heavenly and abiding treasure. We know which he chose. So each one of us has to choose in turn between the showy and the solid, between the higher and the lower, between God and Mammon.

"Once to every man and nation, comes the moment, to decide, In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side. Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside, Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified."—

## 3. SOLOMON'S WISDOM TESTED.

An occasion soon arose to prove his divine gift of sagacity. Two women appeared before his judgment seat with a dead and a living child. The one who appealed to the king for justice alleged that they had both been delivered in the same house, the other woman three days after herself; that the other had overlaid her child in the night, and had exchanged its corpse for the living child of the first while she slept. The second declared that the living child was hers, and both were alike clamorous in demanding it. The king resolved to appeal to the maternal instinct, as a sure test even in the degraded class to which both the women belonged. Calling for a sword, he bade each of his guards divide the living child in two, and give half to one woman and half to the other. The woman who had borne the living child now prayed that might be given to the other to save the life, while the latter consented to the cruel partition; and the king had no difficulty in deciding the dispute. The fame of the decision spread through all Israel, inspiring fear of the king's justice, and a conviction that God had given him that wise discernment which is prized in the East as a ruler's highest quality (Wm. Smith).

## 4. SOLOMON'S CHOICE UNIVERSALLY OFFERED.

Do you think that this glorious offer made Solomon the most favored of mankind? Do you wish that God would do the same for you? Do you think with rapture of what you might ask if He gave to your young lives the same royal choice? My brethren, the offer comes to you all. We were not born assured for nothing; it was not for waste, nor for wretchedness, nor for annihilation, may, but for happiness, for immortality, for life with Him, that God gave us so many great faculties. It is true that thousands of lives do fall and are wasted, but that is not of God. It was not for this sad fate that God sent us into a world of large air and abundant sunshine; not for this that He endures our infancy with tenderness and our youth with care; not for this that Scripture is rich with wisdom, and conscience bright with intuition; not for that Christ died, and the Holy Spirit came. If all men do not receive those gifts which are God's richest and most precious blessings, it is not because God will not give them, but because men will not ask for them. "Ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." And yet to every one of us God says, "Ask what I shall give thee." To every one of us is the promise true, "Whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." Yes, he of you who wills may rank the very treasures of heaven (Farrah).

## VI. Interrogative.

1. Where was Gibeon?
2. Why did Solomon go there?
3. What sacrifices did he offer?
4. What choice was submitted to him and by whom?
5. What choice was made? What was its character, and why was it made?
6. How was his choice received?
7. Why?
8. What was promised?
9. What condition was made?
10. In what sense was wisdom granted?
11. How extensive was this wisdom?
12. What second sacrifice did Solomon offer?
13. What practical lessons do you derive from this narrative?

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in the Woman's Department at the Institute Fair, has a very attractive table, attended by a score of its members in turn, for the sale and gift of leaflets and pamphlets upon various phases of the temperance question. They wish to call the attention of Sunday-school superintendents and pastors to their samples of books for Sunday-school and parish libraries, most carefully selected by a lady who is too conservative to admit half of the approved books, and who has selected many additions of from twenty to fifty volumes. The *Youth's Temperance Banner*, but 12 cents a year, and Mrs. Crafts' "Blackboard Temperance for Primary Classes," 10 cents, are worth having.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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Dr. CHAS. F. MITCHELL, Canandaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

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The remarkable results in a disease so universal and with such a variety of characteristics as Catarrh, prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the human system. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with pride to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered upon the hearts of thousands of people it has cured of catarrh.

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A little act of kindness, like presenting a bottle of ANTI-ROTH to a friend, lifted him out of great agony and restored him to his place in the grand army of bread-winners. In writing for more of the "Great Rheumatic Remedy," Mr. Wm. J. Mosher, 24 Elizabeth Street, E., Detroit, Mich., says: "I obtained a bottle of ANTI-ROTH through a friend. Tried it for my Rheumatism and received great benefit."

Why suffer longer from Catarrh, Hay-Fever, and cold in the Head? A sure cure is Ely's Cream Balm. It is not a liquid or snuff, and is easily applied. Price 50 cents.

I recommend to those suffering with Hay-Fever, Ely's Cream Balm. I have tried nearly all the remedies and give this a decided preference. It gave me immediate relief.—C. T. STEPHENS, Hardware Merchant, Ithaca, N. Y.

When the Women of the House are low-spirited and cross, the real trouble is probably indigestion and nervous disorder. Don't scold, but give them the remedy—a bottle of Parker's Tonic.

"It has more than realized my expectations," says Professor DUNCAN CAMPBELL, M. D., LL. D., President Royal College Physicians and Surgeons, Member General Council University of Edinburgh, etc., of the Liebig's Cocoa Biscuits, Tonic. Invaluable for debility, weak lungs, biliousness, dyspepsia, malaria, liver complaint, sick headache.

## A New Dispensary.

One good result of the hard times a few years ago, was the bringing into life an article in proprietary medicines, which gave to every purchaser a full equivalent for his money. The rule of this class of medicines is from 10 to 25 cents for a bottle, and in the article now so well and favorably known as Hood's Sarsaparilla, they gave the unprecedented quantity of 100 doses for \$1. These facts commend this remedy to the consideration of the sick, also the well, for they are liable to be sick.

## Caught by an Octopus.

A diver who was trying to find pearls off the Alaska coast, found none, but found himself, all of a sudden, in the grasp of an ugly octopus with arms twenty-seven feet long. Such an experience is rare; but there are thousands of people who are caught by dyspepsia, which is quite as bad. An octopus hates to let go. So does dyspepsia. Brown's Iron Bitters settles dyspepsia, and makes it loose its cruel grip. Mrs. Schmidt and her daughter, of 126 Conway Street, Baltimore, were both cured of dyspepsia by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

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## COUGHS

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relinquish my claim upon the trustees of East Greenwich Academy for the \$500 due me each year? I have annually given this and more to other good causes, and shall have less to give in these directions without strict self-denial if I surrender this. But I thought I would give it to the school, I shall be most glad to do so. I took my Bible, and with prayer asked to be directed in the will of the Lord, and was convinced that this was His will. So I herewith surrender all claims I have upon the trustees of the Academy. This is my centennial offering. Thank the Lord that I can make it.

"With kind wishes, yours truly,"

**Now is the favorable time to push the canvass for new subscribers for ZION'S HERALD for the year 1885. The paper will be sent free from Oct. 1 to the close of this year to all new subscribers, making fifteen months for one subscription. We hope no minister in New England will fail to make the offer known to his congregation. See full announcement on 8th page.**

## The Churches.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

**Boston, People's Church.**—Sept. 28, \$900 were raised for the current expenses after paying a large amount on the debt during the summer. During the past three weeks over fifty have been added to the Sunday-school, and the choir now numbers over one hundred under the efficient management of Mr. C. J. Littlefield.

**Boston Highlands.**—A "reunion and roll-call" of the Sunday-school was held, Sept. 25. A larger number were present than on any Sabbath this conference year. The outlook is very hopeful. The evening was agreeably spent in listening to Prof. Maynard, the blind musician, short addresses by the pastor and superintendent, and a fine collection. "Uncle Cook" was present last Sunday and made his usual offer of Bibles. Two seekers were at the altar last Sunday.

**Cambridge, Trinity.**—Five seekers last Sunday evening gladdened the praying people.

**Cambridgeport.**—Mrs. M. Carter, evangelist from Oswego, N. Y., is laboring successfully with the church, and several conversions are reported. The pastor is meeting with very commendable success in securing his Church Aid collections.

**Chelsea, Walnut St.**—The pastor, Dr. Horro, preached the first of a series of sermons to the young people last Sunday evening to fully 800 people. His subject was "Elements of Christian Manhood."

**Somerville, Union Square.**—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore delivered the address. Mrs. Low read a poem, and Dr. C. M. Smith offered the prayer, at the dedicatory exercises of the beautiful Barrett Memorial Fountain erected at Union Square, on Sunday evening last at the church. The house was filled, and excellent singing was provided by selected singers of note under the direction of Prof. Hadley and Kinsley. The State convention of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the church Wednesday and Thursday.

**Dorchester.**—Father Andrew Sampson and his estimable wife, Ann V. Sampson, Oct. 7, 1884, complete the sixtieth anniversary of their married life. They were converted in January, 1825, and joined the Dorchester Church. They have taken ZION'S HERALD for fifty-eight years.

**Roxbury, German Church.**—A glorious revival is in progress, and several conversions are reported.

**Lovell, Central Church.**—The people's course of lectures in the church is announced. On the list we notice Rev. Dr. Bolton and Rev. J. O. Peck, D. D.

**Lynn, South St.**—The work of repairing the church edifice has begun.

**Holliston.**—Rev. C. E. Davis, of Natick, took a Church Aid collection of \$100, Oct. 5. Everybody enjoyed the service.

**Reading.**—Mrs. Dr. Steele made an excellent address in behalf of the flourishing W. F. M. Society last Sunday. The current expenses for the year were the same day provided for. A pleasant spiritual interest prevails.

**Essex.**—The first anniversary of the services of Bro. Poland was celebrated Oct. 5. Presiding Elder Thayer baptized four by immersion and five by sprinkling. The largest sacramental service ever held was a season of great interest. Meetings have also been held at Woodbridge Crossing.

**Woburn.**—A precious revival is in progress. Thirteen asked prayers last week. Special meetings are held, particularly at Cummingsville. Heads of families are being converted.

**Dedham.**—Rev. E. S. Potter gave a very interesting temperance lecture on a recent Sunday evening. Some months since sixty jugs were distributed among the families, and at a recent festival were found to yield the ladies' society \$250. This, with other funds, will help reduce the church debt. Would they not do so splendidly for church benevolence? The Sunday-school has a new piano, purchased by other funds. A small circle of C. L. S. C. is organized. The pastor's son of eight years has received a certificate for having read the "Spare Minute course." The prospect is encouraging, as it is hoped the serious fire in the Merchants' Woolen Mills will not long delay its operations, and the Norfolk Mills commenced full time October first. An inviting lecture is announced.

**Snoy.**—The pastor, Rev. Jerome Wood, has closed his labors for the summer and returned to his theological studies at Drew. He spent four months with this people, and although very sick for five weeks, was able to give

three months' good services. A horse was freely at his command, and he preached three times on Sunday and held several week-night meetings almost always with full houses and the best of interest. Several souls have been saved. Bro. Wood was most cordially welcomed, tenderly nursed when sick, fully sustained in his work, and liberally paid. Besides presents, the people gave him \$446 in money. His physician kindly sent his bill receipted. Bro. Wood completes his studies this year, and hopes to join Conference in the spring.

**New Bedford.**—Rev. J. B. Hingeley, pastor at Allen St. M. E. Church, has been obliged to resign his charge, on account of his health. He will remove to Minnesota, where he expects to continue pastoral work in a more favorable climate.

### MAINE.

**Bethel.**—During the month of August the Methodist Church at Bethel was closed for repairs inside. Aug. 31 was a very interesting and profitable day for the people. A large congregation gathered in the forenoon for the reopening service. In the afternoon three candidates were baptized by immersion in the river. The day closed with an interesting social service in the evening. All are surprised and pleased at the changes within the church—a beautiful oil fresco upon the ceiling and walls, fresh paint upon the pews, the choir gallery removed from the rear of the floor, new set of pulp furniture in terry, all at a cost of not quite \$300. The society is to be commended, not only for what has been accomplished, but for the way in which it has been done. Generous help has been given by Bros. Burrows and Homsted, of Castnut St. Church, Portland, and Bro. Knight, of Washington, D. C.

### EAST MAINE.

**Franklin.**—The work of the Lord is thriving on this charge. Six persons have recently united with the church—all heads of families. The Sunday-school is a model one. The pastor, Rev. C. L. Banghart, and his wife are abundant in labors.

**Surry.**—Last Sabbath there was a baptism at this place. The prospect is excellent for a year of revival interest.

ETZRA.

**Dr. Knowles and Rev. E. R. Thorndike, of the N. E. Conference,** were warmly welcomed and highly appreciated at the Hodgdon and Caribou camp-meetings. They preached valuable sermons and did earnest work. Altar services were held at Hodgdon, and penitents were at the altar. The Caribou meeting opened well, but was interrupted by a storm.

Early in the week more than usual interest prevailed at Foxcroft, and the altar services increased in power to the last.

Bro. Winslow recently baptized eleven and received ten into the church at Dover. Bro. Gerish, assisted by Bro. Lewis, has been holding special services. Several have been led to the Saviour.

**Hodgdon.**—The camp-meeting this year was of unusual interest. The wise efforts of Presiding Elder Palmer to render the meeting a success were ably seconded by the pastors present. The presence and help of Bros. Thorndike and Knowles of the N. E. Conference added much to the interest of the meeting. The Association voted to hold the meeting over the Sabbath next year.

### RHODE ISLAND.

**Rev. J. W. Willett,** pastor of the Methodist Church, Woonsocket, made a strong temperance address in the town hall, Uxbridge, Mass., Sept. 20.

The mother of Rev. A. Canoll, died, after a few days' illness, in the parsonage, Sept. 18. The funeral was solemnized, Sept. 20. Rev. C. L. Goodell, pastor of the Chestnut St. Methodist Church, Providence, officiated. Bro. and Sister Canoll have the sympathies of the community in their deep affliction.

The Methodist Church in Portsmouth is prospering under the pastoral care of Rev. W. H. Allen. Sunday, Sept. 21, the pastor immersed three persons, and the presiding elder, Dr. Talbot, baptized the same number in the church. Seven were received into full membership, and a very large number were present as communicants at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. There are full congregations at the preaching services, and indications of a revival.

**Rev. W. A. Wright, of Middletown,** is greeted by large congregations. The Sunday-school is growing. The religious interest is on the increase, and the tokens are full of encouragement.

At Somerset, Bro. Tregaskis is cheered by increasing audiences, attended with growing interest in personal religion.

Rev. John Livesey is working his widely-extended field, South Somerset, with his accustomed zeal and fidelity, with tokens of thorough spiritual progress. His health is improved.

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A most enthusiastic prohibitory State convention was held in Providence, Wednesday, Sept. 25. Rev. Sidney Dean, of Warren, was elected president. Rev. J. W. Willett was chairman of the committee on platform and resolutions. Speeches were made by these two, and by Revs. E. D. Hall, of Bristol, W. A. Wright, of Middletown, and W. H. Stetson. Two Baptist clergymen—Pope of Warren and Ryder of Newport—were with others, also made telling speeches. Like the old Liberty party conventions, this one is open to the charge of dealing in "Sunday-school" politics.

**Rev. W. A. Wright, of Middletown,** read a finely-written paper on "The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico and South America," before the Providence Methodist Ministers' Meeting, Monday, Sept. 29. The Monday previous a very able essay was presented by Rev. W. C. Helt, of Millville, on "The Tendency of Modern Religious Thought." These meetings are for the present held in the vestry of the Chestnut Street Church.

This church (as before reported, which report has not been heard from since being mailed in Providence) on the first Sunday in September had an accession of sixty members! Twelve were baptized, three received on probation, and a very large number received the holy communion. Other persons are soon to be received from probation.

**Rev. James Porter, D. D.,** preached in the Methewson Street Church, Sunday morning, Sept. 28, a-d addressed the Preachers' Meeting, Monday morning. He rejoices in the privilege of preaching the simple Gospel. He is able to do this four evenings a week.

**Mrs. Van Cott** is holding revival services in St. Paul's Church, Providence. The audience-room is full every evening, with twelve or fifteen forward for prayers. This is a live, spiritual church, having an attendance of over three hundred in the Sunday-school. A new church building, or the old one enlarged, is becoming a necessity with this church.

**Harris Avenue Church, Providence,** Rev. C. F. Sharpe, pastor, is encouraged by tokens of increasing spiritual life. Attendance upon the means of grace is largely increased.

**Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, pastor of Trinity Church,** gave a highly interesting lecture on India, in the Asbury Methodist Church, Providence, Oct. 1. The lecture was illustrated by very fine stereopticon views.

**Rev. H. E. Cook, pastor of the Cranston Street Church, Providence,** has for some two weeks been confined to the house with gastric fever.

The church at Diamond Hill is enjoying its usual prosperity. The pastor, Rev. Wm. B. Heath, and family, were very kindly remembered by the people on Monday evening, the 8th inst., in a donation visit at the parsonage. The friends were numerous and the gifts generous.

### VERMONT.

The thirtieth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. J. S. Little and wife, Sept. 25, was made a very pleasant occasion by the good people of South Royalton. Nearly a hundred persons were present during the evening. Among the presents, amounting to nearly thirty dollars, was a hanging lamp for the parlor, from Mr. Little's mother. There were a few representatives and a nice present from Barre, an old charge, and mementos from the people at South Royalton. The presentation was made by Rev. Mr. Sewall of the Congregational Church, to which Mr. Little suitably responded. Rev. Mr. Knapp, of Chelsea, was also present and made some appropriate remarks.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

**Glenning.**—The first Presbyterian church erected in New England is said to be the one in East Derry, N. H. It has been repaired, and was re-dedicated recently.

The N. H. Conference has in its ranks one who has been applying himself in the line of authorship—Rev. C. S. Nutter, of Tilton. Of his new work the book notices of the *Christian Advocate* say:

"Our agents will soon publish an invaluable aid to our ministers, as well as a volume of the highest interest to all who know our noble Hymnal. Its title is 'Hymn Studies: An Illustrated and Annotated Edition of the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' by Rev. Charles S. Nutter. It will give a biographical sketch of each author and translator, of which there are more than three hundred, the history and origin of each hymn, with such trustworthy facts concerning it as can be ascertained; the original title and text where the hymn has been altered; the passage of Scripture on which the hymn is based; the name of the book, paper, or magazine in which the hymn first appeared, with the date of its publication. It will be readily seen that such a work involves vast labor, but the value of such a work is proportionately great. It is much to have the facts for a proper emphasis of the character and inspiration of a hymn immediately before the eye, and not relegated to an obscure appendix. This will be the Hymnal for our churches to buy for pulpits use, and for our ministers to have on the study table. When issued, a fuller notice will be given."

The friends and relatives of Mrs. Dolly Littlefield, of South Newmarket, met at her home on Thursday, Sept. 25, to celebrate her 79th birthday. Mother Littlefield has been for many years a member of the Methodist Church, having been converted early in life and united with the church in Greenland.

The work at Groveton is progressing well under the pastoral care of Rev. L. R. Danforth. There is considerable religious interest. The camp-meeting was a season of much power, and no charge received more help from it than Groveton. Bro. Danforth was treated to quite a "pounding" recently. The night was dark and rainy. The people came out in numbers sufficient to fill the parsonage. They brought a barrel of

flour, a large quantity of groceries and other household articles, and a purse of money. They have the thanks of the receivers, who feel that the lines have fallen in pleasant places.

**Auburn and Chester charges,** under the lead of Rev. Wm. McNally, are getting out of the valley and upon the mountain. They are having a season of refreshing. Since Conference nine adults have been baptized, making fourteen since Conference. Twenty-seven have been forward seeking salvation, eighteen have been received on probation, and five into full membership. The work is reaching the young men. A young people's prayer-meeting has been inaugurated in addition to the regular social services. Over thirty of the church have been forward seeking entire sanctification, and several have entered into the "rest of faith." The preacher's salary is to be made up this year without the inevitable festival; the salvation of souls having taken its place. The Sabbath-school libraries have been replenished with about \$60 worth of new books from our rooms in Boston. Bro. McNally appreciates the kindness of Bro. Magee, who, he says, "deals as nobly with our schools as those who send out bundles of circulars from time to time, if not more so."

One of the most brilliant affairs that has graced the Masonic annals of Dover was the complimentary banquet recently given by the Knights Templar of that city to their ladies. It was largely attended, and was a very enjoyable occasion. Among the incidents of the evening was the presentation of an elegant banner, the address being given by the popular pastor of the Methodist Church, Rev. J. M. Durrell. From the emblems on the banner he took occasion to hold up to that company the power of a crucified Christ, and invited them to Him as the atoning Saviour.

The centennial meeting at Dover was a very interesting and profitable gathering. We regret that not more of the ministers and people were present. A couple vacancies occurred on the programme, of important topics, for which we were sorry. Those who had assignments, and were present, had made careful preparation, and the discussions were very helpful. Rev. Fred. E. White discussed the question of keeping our people loyal to the church. He was followed by Rev. J. M. Durrell, on "The Influence of Tilton Seminary on N. H. Methodism." These were excellent papers. "The Use of Property and its Relation to Christian Character," was presented in a well-prepared paper by Rev. E. C. Bass. "How to Conduct Four Days' Meetings," called out some very practical hints from Rev. H. E. Allen. A paper on the "Influence of Methodism on the Morals of the Nation," was read by Rev. C. S. Baker. There being no one to discuss "The Influence of Methodism on Other Churches," Rev. W. I. Gill, who had discussed the same subject at Lawrence, not having his paper with him, gave an exposition of this topic, which was well received. In the absence of the one appointed to discuss "The Forces that have contributed to the Great Success of Methodism," Rev. D. W. Downs led in an excellent extemporaneous address. The meetings closed with the address of Rev. D. C. Knowles on "Methodism and Education." This address ought to be heard everywhere. It is masterly. If preachers and people had been present in larger numbers, it would have given greater inspiration to the whole movement.

**Rev. D. C. Knowles** is vigorously pushing his work of presenting the claims of Tilton Seminary to the churches of the Conference. He spent Sunday, September 23, in Greenland and his families. Bath department complete and elegant, affording the only Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electrothermal baths in America.

If you have failed to receive benefit from other preparations, try Hood's Sarsaparilla; it is the strongest, the purest, the best, the cheapest.

**Marriages.**  
(Marriages occurring on a month old not inserted.)  
HARRISON—CALDWELL.—On Oct. 1, by Rev. W. R. Toulmin, Joseph H. Harrison and Clara Caldwell, both of Lynn.  
GREEN—SCHOLL.—In Dedham, Sept. 27, by Rev. E. W. Virginia, Frederick C. Greener and Anna C. Scholl, both of D.

MORLEY—DONNELLY.—In Danvers, Me., Oct. 1, by Rev. C. A. Plummer, assisted by Rev. J. P. Simpson, George M. Morley and Mary M. Donnelly, both of Danvers.

JENNISON—RICE.—In Charleston, by Rev. W. T. Perkins, Sept. 10, George M. Jennison and Mary M. Rice.

CARROLL—CUNNINGHAM.—By the same, Sept. 17, Wm. H. Carroll and Rose Cunningham, both of Danvers.

FRAT—TREFREY.—By the same, Sept. 24, Geo. H. Pratt and Nellie Trefrey, both of Danvers.

PARMENTER—BRUMMIT.—In Weymouth, Sept. 27, by Rev. L. R. Danforth, William Parmenter and Nellie Brummit, both of Weymouth.

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Popular Summer Resort. Location desirable and central. Table and appointments first-class. Society general and cultured. Summer home of many eminent men of church and state and their families. Bath department complete and elegant, affording the only Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electrothermal baths in America.

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**Acknowledgment.**  
The Ladies' Social Aid Society of the M. E. Church, Hudson, Mass., extend sincere and hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Jelfs for the wholly unexpected and magnificent gift of \$100, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 23.  
For the society, Mrs. A. E. NICHOLS.

**MOODY AND SANKEY IN BOSTON.**—The Convention of the Convention of Christian Workers of New England, under the direction of the above-named evangelists, has been completed. The Convention will meet in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15, 16 and 17, morning, afternoon and evening of each day. Addresses will be delivered by many well-known clergymen. Mr. Moody will preside at all the sessions and deliver part in each discussion following the address. Admission to each session will be by ticket, which may be obtained gratis by one by application to

M. R. DREWING, Gen'l Sec'y, M. E. Church, Boston.  
POST-OFFICE ADDRESS: Rev. D. K. Merrill, E. Boothbay, Me.

**NOTICE.**—Brethren who expect to attend the Providence District Preachers' Meeting in Stoughton, Oct. 22-23, are requested to notify the undersigned by card before Oct. 18.

C. H. EWER.

**REDEDICATION.**—The Campello M. E. Church, Rev. A. W. Kinsley, pastor, is to be rededicated. A new and commodious vestry has been built, the church having been raised ten feet. The audience-room has been thoroughly renewed in appearance, having been painted and frescoed and newly carpeted. The services will take place on Tuesday evening, Oct. 14, at 7.30 p. m. Former pastors and other ministers will be present. It is hoped that one of our Bishops will preside.

**N. E. M. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**—The next meeting will be held on Monday, Oct. 20, in the Committee Room, 33 Broad St., Boston, at 2.30 p. m. A biographical sketch of the late Rev. Eaton Shaw, of the Maine Conference, will be read by Rev. W. R. Clark, D. D. "The Story of My First Circuit," will also be given by Rev. John E. Bailey.

The Directors will please meet at 2 p. m., same day and place.

GEO. WHITAKER, Rec. Sec'y.

**NOTICE.**—The new Methodist Episcopal Church at South Braintree, Mass., will be dedicated on Sunday, Oct. 12. Bishop R. S. Foster, of Boston, will preach at 10 a. m. Rev. Wm. V. Morrison, D. D., of Providence, R. I., at 7.30 p. m. Friends and former pastors are invited to be present.

S. T. PATTERSON, Pastor.

**DEDICATION.**—The Danville (Vt.) M. E. Church will be dedicated Thursday, Oct. 16. B. K. Peirce, D. D., of Boston, will preach the dedicatory sermon. A new church has been built at a cost of \$5,000, with commodious vestry and parlors. Former pastors and other ministers are cordially invited to attend. The services will take place in the p. m. and evening.

C. H. SWEET.

## A Crime Against the Public Health.

I have this day made a chemical examination of samples of baking powder purchased by me in the open market and marked Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder, and Royal Baking Powder.

These powders contain:

**Cleveland's.**  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Flour

**Royal.**  
Cream of Tartar  
Bicarbonate of Soda  
Carbonate of Ammonia  
Tartaric Acid  
Starch

The relative amount of pure Carbonic Acid Gas produced by 10 grams of each of these powders is as follows:

**Cleveland's,** 688 cubic centimeters.  
**Royal,** 577 cubic centimeters.

In view of these facts I regard Cleveland's as superior to the Royal because:

I. CLEVELAND'S contains only pure and unobjectionable materials while the ROYAL contains Ammonia, a drug derived from disgusting sources, powerful in its action upon the system, and unfit to enter into the composition of human food. The adulteration of the Royal Baking Powder with Ammonia is in my opinion nothing less than a crime against the public health. It deserves the severest condemnation, and should be brought to the attention of physicians and boards of health throughout the country.

II. The quantity of pure Carbonic Acid Gas yielded by CLEVELAND'S is greater than that produced under like conditions by the ROYAL.

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER being pure and free from Ammonia, Alum, Terra Alba, or any adulteration whatever, and having great leavening power, I do not hesitate to recommend as worthy of public confidence for producing light, digestible, and wholesome bread.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 14, 1884.  
JAMES F. BABCOCK.

State Assayer and Analytical and Consulting Chemist; late Professor of Chemistry in Boston University and Massachusetts College of Pharmacy.

**Money Letters from Sept. 27 to Oct. 4.**  
M. H. Bancroft, I. A. Bean, A. C. Barnes, E. J. Collett, A. Davis, C. F. Edmunds, D. K. Frohlock, C. C. Hicks, A. H. Holbrook, B. E. Jackson, E. Lapham, K. E. Moore, J. H. Nelson, Thomas Palmer, H. F. Pierce, J. A. Root, H. W. Rankin, Wm. Ross, J. H. Swaver, D. J. Smith, I. H. W. Welf, R. H. Wilder, W. F. Washburn, N. T. Whitaker.

**IMPORTANT.**  
When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and 13. Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to 12 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse Car, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can be better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

340

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## The Family.

### AN ANCESTRAL ODE.

Why toll in rhyme? Dull, common prose  
Could never half my thought disclose;  
And 'tis the stately tread of life,  
Perchance may fall the theme sublime.  
Old Atlas, tiring, bears the load  
Along the hot and dusty road;  
With heavy shoulders bent and bare,  
Beneath his ponderous world of care,  
And on his back he writhes and smiles  
To trade his pack for mine awhile.

Shall I essay the utmost rim,  
Where distant suns burn pale and dim;  
Or seek the hidden cause to know  
Which made our dawn and sunset glow  
With crimson spur and soft and clear  
Through earth's transparent atmosphere?  
Beyond the reach of mortal ken,  
And sail and sail the vast serene  
Of matter's mighty potency!  
Ah! these sublime! who shall aspire  
To such bold flight, or higher?

Since longing will supply the wing,  
And teach the humblest to sing;  
Then why may we not mount and fly  
As song-birds through the summer sky?  
How frail the walls which hold us in,  
Since we are all one kith and kin  
With earth's wild fauna! What a dream!  
Surprising strange—this wondrous theme!

How passing sweet to linger here!  
To trace our growth from sphere to sphere,  
To that far mystic time and age—  
The morning of our pilgrimage,  
As evolution strangely tells.  
When we were molts in our shells!  
Doubt not; the crisp, sweet oyster pie  
Is luscious by a kindred tie!

But ages are the bivalve grow,  
What vast development we know!  
From primal water's potent strife  
Dead atoms took the cut of life,  
Because they must and might and should,  
And couldn't help it if they would!  
And then the molts came—these diatoms—  
These were our ancestral cousins—  
Swarmed out like bees from summer hive  
And made the universe alive!

So Darwin says, though some still scout it,  
But Huxley 'till you all about it,  
Was it, in south, a silly whim  
In hoary mists and mists of time  
That discontented beings yearned  
To rise to winged tadpoles turned?  
Not so; progression never fails!  
Each bivalve gained a precious tail!  
And wrestling with a dumb desire,  
He still aspired to something higher,  
Till changed again to fish-like form—  
At last a leaping frog was born!

And now what hasty strides he made!  
Development, so long delayed,  
Moved on apace, as well it should,  
From kangaroo to monkeyhood;  
Orange-outing and chimpanzee  
Are in the line of ancestry;  
Till from progression's mighty span  
Entered the stately creature—man!  
Behold your royal pedigree;  
Bow low and own your ancestry!  
What upright forms of graceful shape  
Developed from the grinning ape!  
What brain and speech, such priceless boon,  
Transmitted from the ape baboon!  
Where lives the man whose very spine,  
At thought of his ancestral line,  
Has not been thrilled with filial pride  
Till he for very joy has cried?

—PROF. B. F. LEONARD, in *Troy Daily Times*.

### A PLEA FOR HOME MISSIONS.

BY E. M. STANLEY.

In the presence of the mighty ones of earth, what feelings of superiority are cherished, and what nice distinctions of rank and blood are observed, but with him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords," there is "no respect of persons." "He hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth." For who maketh us to differ from another? What have we that we did not receive? What is our duty to those of our fellow-creatures less favored than ourselves?

Christianity has done very much for our Anglo-Saxon race. The English-speaking people owe all that they have—civilization, refinement, wealth and power—to the religion of Christ. They in turn should do much for the world in elevating those who are in a like degraded condition as their ancestors were centuries ago, for "unto whom much is given, of him shall be much required." We are taught that kings, magistrates and statesmen should use the position given them, not for self-aggrandizement, but as a grand opportunity for doing good to their fellow-men. So if God has exalted this nation to be one of the foremost of the world, she must conscientiously fulfill her high and sacred trust, or God may remove her out of her place because she fails so to do. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

The Puritans came hither in pursuit of religious liberty, and "they have left unstained what here they found—freedom to worship God." This is a priceless legacy descending to us, and it is our duty to transmit it intact, and let not irreligious liberty assert itself in the guise of religious liberty.

"Lord, while for all mankind we pray,  
Of every clime and coast,  
O hear us (or our native land,  
The land we love the most."

The American people owe something to the Indians, whose lands we now occupy. Wicked men are putting the intoxicating cup to their lips, and shall not the pure "water of life" be offered them? Statistics have shown that it actually costs less to subdue the Indians by civilizing influences than by military force. Shall statesmen heed the voice of policy, and shall the Christian Church not heed the call of patriotism, the dictates of conscience, and the Word of God? How sad that the children of this world should be wiser, in their generation, than the children of light!

The hand of the nation has rent the shackles from off Africa's sons and daughters, and the church of Christ should assist them to procure "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free." The people were sold or stolen from their native shores and brought hither to minister to greed of gain, and our field of labor and our responsibilities are thereby increased. As the prayers and songs of praise floated heavenward from the slave cabins of the South, coming from hearts that might never have known salvation if left in their native land, "surely the

wrath of man" did praise God, "the remainder of wrath" has He now restrained.

Our Master's bidding was and is, "Teach all nations;" and the declaration of the founder of our sect was, "The world is my parish;" and though statesmanship should welcome some nationalities to our land and frown on others, let Christianity, true to the spirit of its Lord, gladly hail an opportunity of doing good to them, whether on our own or foreign shores.

Whenever the claims of home and foreign work are compared, invidiously or otherwise, these words of the Master, although used in another connection, ring in our ears: "This ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." He who gave Himself for the salvation of the world went over Jerusalem and its misguided inhabitants. The great apostle of the Gentiles, who was willing to have imparted unto them "not the gospel of God only, but also his own soul, because they were dear unto him," had nevertheless "great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart," wishing that himself were accursed from Christ for the people of his own nation. So we feel that to-day there is room in the consecrated heart for love of both the home and foreign work, and they will not jostle each other.

At the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the bishop of Nevada, after recounting some of his experience and work in mining communities, uttered the following words, evincing his consecration: "I am willing to go down the mine, but I entreat our church not to let go of the rope." Though it may not fall to our lot to go down the mine, to leave home and friends for missionary labor, we may grasp the rope, we may contribute to their support, we may send heavenward our prayers for the success of their work. May we all do our utmost to hasten the day when "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea!"

"O the joy to see thee reigning,  
Thee, our own beloved Lord!  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Worship, honor, glory, blessing,  
Brought to Thee with glad accord,  
Thee, our Master and our Friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned,  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored and owned!"

### "THIS IS LIFE."

"I have planned much work for my life," she said;  
A girl's creature, with golden hair,  
And bright and winsome as she was fair.

"The days are full, till he comes to wed,  
The clothes to buy, and the home to make  
A very Eden, for his dear sake."

But cares soon come to the wedded wife;  
She shares his duties and his joys and fears,  
Which lessen not with the waning years;

For a very struggle, at best, is life;  
If we knew the burden along the line,  
We should shrink to receive this gift divine.

Sometimes, in the hush of the evening hour,  
She thinks of the leisure she meant to gain,  
And the work she would do with hand and brain.

"I am tired to-night; I am lacking power  
To think," she says; "I must wait until  
My brain is rested, and pulse is still."

O woman and man, there is never rest!  
Dream not of a leisure that will not come  
Till age shall make you both blind and dumb.

You must live each day to your very best;  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you.

Say oft, of the years, as they pass from sight,  
"This is life, with its golden store,  
I shall have it once, but it comes no more."

Have a purpose, and do with your utmost  
You will finish your work on the other side,  
When you wake in his likeness, satisfied.

—SARAH K. BOLTON, in *Sunday School Times*.

### HELP THOSE TEACHERS.

BY REV. EDWARD A. HAND.

One of the highest positions persons can go up to is when they go down to the level of the children and take a class in the Sunday-school. One of the grandest things is to do what may seem to be one of the simplest—lead a little child along in the dear old gospel-way of truth. But the position has its perplexities, possibly its thorns and hedges, and right among the thorns the teacher sometimes seems to get, till the hands bleed with the prick of the sharp points. The head of the school—if the pastor be the superintendent, so much the better—can so help the under-workmen in the school. In several ways he can help.

Let him know his teachers. That may seem self-evident. It is not always a fact, though. A nod at the time of the Sunday-school session, a hat-tip on the street to a lady teacher, a "how-d'ye do" to some brother—that is only surface acquaintance. Make it a special point to know your co-laborers more intimately. Set it down in your note-book that a particular call is to be made on some evening. Sit down there at the home and talk Sunday-school awhile. Every teacher has his or her trials. Know it, if there be a red Indian among their boys, or a wild gypsy among their girls. Sympathize with and counsel them. Two under a load do lighten them. Wonderful! On the other hand, no appreciative aid efforts made or successes gained. Congratulate where you can, and encourage always. Said a lady to me substantially, "To a worker, an honest word of praise is as grateful as water to a thirsty soul." Let your teachers know that their labors are appreciated.

A teachers' meeting may come in most helpful as a place for the better acquaintance of superintendent and teachers. Something besides the lesson may come forward then, even difficulties and encouragements, one to be lightened the other to be rejoiced over. Many good results will follow this course. The teacher works with greater enthusiasm, joy and success. But we are inclined to think the superintendent will gain as much as the teacher. The superintendent has a sympathizing corps of teachers. Co-operation is

abundant. No one seems to hang back, troubled with the quality that a Scotchman referred to when he described conscience as the thing within saying, "I won't." Let the superintendent help those teachers, that he may be helped himself.

### A MEMORY.

BY E. H. A. B.

Backward, one eve of Sabbath quiet,  
We met for prayer;  
Heart-yearnings there had oft found voice,  
And answer from the Throne had come,  
And praiseful song had floated up,  
Such as the angels cannot learn.

A score of years 'midst us sat;  
The scores of years that touched his brow,  
His eye that beamed with unspent fire,  
We loved to watch that face that told  
The loyal, earnest soul that shone out,  
A listener to the winningest,  
That showed his Master, true;  
Direct and clear, he added his to theirs:  
"No promise has failed in all  
These changing years;  
My Lord is mine, and His I am,  
Forever and for aye."

So filled  
That blessed thought his heart that faith  
Turned "most to sight, and he exulted grew.  
"Somewhere I've heard," he said,  
"Of ship far out at sea, that long  
Had battled with the storm and tide,  
Till perils many, and delays,  
Till heart of voyagers dying were  
With hunger for their home.  
For them, at last, the moment came  
That thro' all time a Kohinor should be  
Amid that dreary waste of years.  
"Land! land ahead!" the lookout cries,  
And eyes that had grown weary watching  
Looked joy to deep for words.  
Clear the hills that throng their line  
Against the horizon, clothing  
With greenness as they nearer came.  
On shore were watching eyes, and those  
Whose heart-throbs quickened;  
Swift feet came hurrying down the strand,  
And hands outstretching held aloft  
Sign of their welcome home.  
These human hearts of ours do oft  
For years bear pressure of great pain,  
And wait the work of life perform;  
And when that great joy is just  
Yet we, when some great joy is just  
Within our hold, grow weak and still  
With only power to look.  
Thus pained were that crew with joy  
Intense; far better borne the strain  
Of homesick years than this full  
Moment of return. There lay the ship,  
No hands to work her in, until  
Help came from shore, and brought it unto  
Anchorage.

"So," said the aged man,  
While tears of exultation rained  
The furrowed face, "when my boat nears  
Unto the heavenly strand, the sight,  
The sound of voices that I know,  
Will still this trembling heart;  
These weary hands will fall in strength,  
What matters it? They know me there!  
My Saviour's looking out for me,  
And angels' hands shall bring me home.  
Oh, home, sweet home!"

That sainted father long has known  
How sweet the welcome "over there."  
\* Father George Hyde.  
Woburn, Mass.

### WRECKED.

BY S. G. JR.

It was in a pleasant, commodious  
waiting-room of a station on the Fitchburg railroad. The lunch counters were tastefully arranged in anticipation of the wants of hungry travelers; the lamps were lighted.

The day had been cloudy. A drizzly rain had set in, but the depressing influence of the atmosphere without was dispelled by the warmth and cheer within. As the time approached for the arrival of trains, the heavy doors were constantly swung by the flow of that restless tide of humanity composed of elements from every grade of society, which meet and mingle at a railway centre. The philosophical, stranded upon comfortable seats, with newspapers, patiently bided their time; the social element chatted with each other and the waiters; the nervous force eagerly scanned the schedule, or watched the time bulletin; while the inquisitive plied the ticket master with questions.

Drifting in with the tide was a young man in a state of intoxication—a wreck. He stood away-to and fro, gazing at the well-dressed men and women with a dazed look. Removing a battered hat from a well-developed head, he tried to smooth the damp and matted locks. A consciousness of something lost or forgotten seemed to come over him, as he pressed his brow with the palm of his hand. Standing near one of the upright steam radiators, he mechanically moved his fingers over the surface as if it were the key-board to an organ or piano, with the skill of one accustomed to its use.

Suddenly a change stole over him. Running his fingers lightly over the imaginary keys, lifting his eyes as though he saw something that others could not see, obvious to everything around him, he broke out in clear, sweet tones that filled the room, singing the words,—

"I will sing of my Redeemer,  
And His wondrous love to me;  
On the cruel cross He suffered,  
From the curse to set me free."

The talking ceased; the smiles that had played about the lips of many faded away; the man reading "market specials" dropped his paper; the nervous individual ceased to scan the schedule; the inquisitive forgot his questions. A pale-faced woman dressed in black left her secluded seat and watched the singer; a little child slid from its mother's lap, toddled across the floor, and, with round, wondering eyes, looked up into the strange man's face.

Still unconscious of being the centre of attraction, he continued,—

"On the cross He died, and made me free."  
The echo of the words, "made me free," was lost in the rambling of the Western-bound train as it came thundering in. The spell was broken; the poor prodigal, slinking away, was lost in the hurrying crowd.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the train moved on, while men and women, in richly upholstered cars, with heads

"at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining,"  
forgot the prodigal and his rags; but the words, "From the curse to set me free," were ringing in our ears, and the white, haggard face haunted us. We wondered if an inspiration of his better nature had seized him; if in that fixed look he saw a picture of happy days gone by—a pleasant home among the green hills. Perhaps it was a quiet Sabbath scene—a vista of trees, a church, with its white spire shining in the summer sunlight; and in his vision he walked the shaded pathway, entered as in other days, seated himself at the organ, and played the old familiar hymns, while the soft June air, laden with the perfume of flowers, floated in at the open window.

Perhaps he felt the pressure of a mother's hand upon his head, as, away back in the innocent days of boyhood, she had taught him his evening prayer, and sung to him in the twilight hour.

"Tickets!" called out the conductor in a business-like way, as he shut the door with a slam; and the train sped on, all unconscious of the outcast left behind in the pitiless storm; and the lights of the busy town, one after another, were lost in the darkness, just as the lights of many a New England home go out—promising boys that leave their pleasant fireside and are lost, victims of a curse from which we, as a community, are not yet free—the curse of rum.

### Our Girls.

#### NELL'S OPPORTUNITIES.

BY KATE S. GATES.

CHAPTER VI.

"And when it is all over, and our feet will run no more, and our hands are helpless, and we have scarcely strength to murmur a last prayer, then we shall see that instead of needing a larger field, we have left untold many corners of our single acre, and that some of it is for our Master's eye; it is not for the softening shadow of the cross."  
—Edward Garrett.

"What is the matter with Jennie?" asked Nell one morning. "She has hardly touched her breakfast, and I know from the looks of her eyes that she has been crying."

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Weston, "unless it is because she thinks that she must go back to the mill next week."

"Going to Mrs. Duncan's to-night, Jennie?" asked Nell pleasantly an hour or two later.

Jennie's only reply was a shake of the head, and Nell, looking up, saw her eyes fill with tears.

"Why not? It will be real pleasant. I know that you will enjoy it."

"No, I wouldn't. I should just feel horrid all the time. The rest of you girls will all look nice and pretty, and I should just want to get out of sight alone. I wouldn't mind so much if I hadn't fine things, if I had only looked nice. You know what I mean. Here's the very best dress I've got," she said, taking a rusty alpaca out of the closet as she spoke. "You know just how it looks."

Nell was silent. She did know. She guessed the one that made it must have been cross-eyed, she had told her mother, because it "skewed" so all over.

"I gave my life for thee,"  
Margie's song suddenly came to her mind.

"I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?"

What if she should give up going to Grace's to spend the day, and should help Jennie fix over her dress? They could sponge over the skirt; she knew she could drape it much prettier than it was; and there was that maroon flannel waist Aunt Helen had given her—it would be very becoming to Jennie, and could easily be fitted over for her. To be sure, she meant to fix it over for herself, but she did not really need it.

"It isn't much, but I will try to do it for Jennie's sake, and I will try to do it cheerfully, too."

This was what she thought to herself. Out loud she said to Jennie:—

"I'll tell you what, Jennie, if you will fly round like everything, we will fix you up so fine that you won't know your self. I'm a natural-born dressmaker, and I just delight in exercising my skill. You run down and put the flat-irons on, and I'll be there in a minute or two. We've got all day before us, I know, but we must be spry for all that."

It took but a minute or two to write a note to Grace saying that she could not come, and quietly despatching Margie with that, Nell was ready for work.

How their tongues did fly—at least Nell's did. There was a suspicious mistiness every now and then that made Nell talk all the faster.

Presently the door opened, and who should walk in but Grace.

"Where did you come from, and how did you happen to come?" exclaimed Nell in surprise.

"From home, 'my little girl with a little curl.' Mahomet would not come to the mountain, consequently there was nothing left for the mountain but to come to Mahomet. I brought my thimble, but forgot my work. Can't you lend me some?"

"You dear old splendid!" whispered Nell, as she took her hat and sash.

"But what did Margie tell you for?"

"Because she was asked. When she is good, she's very good, isn't she? I refer to Margie, of course," replied Grace with a laugh.

"Making trimmings? Well, just toss it over to me. You can't begin to make it as well as I can."

What a merry time they had, and how their fingers fairly flew. Before the clock struck six Jennie's skirts were thoroughly remodeled, and she was the owner of a perfectly-fitting, very becoming waist, and, as Nell had prophesied, she hardly knew herself.

But when Nell went upstairs after Grace had gone, she found Jennie sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Why, Jennie, don't you like it?" she asked in astonishment.

"You don't know anything about it," answered Jennie between the sobs. "It is the first pretty dress I ever had, and I couldn't help crying when I saw myself in the glass; it seemed so good to think it was mine. And I have had such a nice time to-day, only it makes me hate to go back. Not but that I like the girls, some of them ever so much," she added hastily, "they are real kind-hearted; but you see we haven't had a chance to learn much, any of us, and you girls that had chances don't like to go with us mill girls. I don't know as I blame you any, but then you mustn't wonder that we're not nice if we don't have any chance."

"Jennie," said Nell after a few minutes' thought, "would you invite some of your friends to spend the evening over here on a while, to come with you, you know? Grace would make fun for them, and Susie Barrows is a splendid reader; I know they would enjoy hearing her. I would play and sing if any one wanted me to. We would do everything we could to make it pleasant—would it help any?"

"O Nell, you don't know how much!"

"O mother," said Nell that night, "to think how I was wasting my time in wishing I could have some great work to do, when here were these girls that wanted help so much right at my hand! And you don't know how ashamed I felt, when Jennie was so grateful for just the little good time she had to-day, to think of all the pleasure I have had, and then fretted because I could not have more. I never realized how much I had to be thankful for until I knew Jennie. I read something the other day about Benjamin Franklin, I believe. He lent some one some money. 'I do not give it to you,' he said; 'I cannot afford to do that; but I let you have it on condition that when you are able you will lend it to some one else in need, asking them also to pass it along.' I think that was it. It was a plan of his, he said, for making a little go a great way. I have been wondering ever since how many persons I could have made happy if I had been sure to pass along, in some way, to even one person, every happy time I have had."

"Freely ye have received, freely give," said her mother gently. "And remember, Nell, we are constantly passing along to others something from ourselves. Shall it be discontent, fretfulness and gloom, or good cheer, helpfulness and sunshine?"

"And it all goes on and on forever, like Tennyson's brook. Why, mother, I never thought of it before."

"Yes, a word of cheer that you speak to-day, or of helpfulness, does not perish with the speaking, but is constantly reaching out farther and farther, accomplishing more and more."

"And I called my life commonplace, and longed for opportunities to do greater things! It fairly frightens me now to think how much power is in my hands."

"But we do not work alone or of ourselves," said her mother. "It is God that worketh in us, and through Him we can do 'all things.' Let us bring our lives, ourselves, to the Master, as they brought the five loaves and two small fishes, for His blessing. And then no matter how 'commonplace' they are, we shall be surprised at the result."

### SUSPICION.

BY WALTER FRANK PRINCE.

A slurring tongue,  
Ever eager in search of blame,  
Has often rung  
The knell of a spotless fame.

I have heard it told  
That suspicion is oftenest bred  
In the bosom cold  
Whence the virtue suspected has fled.

Oh, these erring ones—  
Beseech God for their pity on them,  
But cast not stones  
Of reproach, nor harshly condemn!

Ye are erring, too,  
If never so often nor long;  
Meet never temptation so strong.

Leave the sin to God,  
And the sinner shall pay his due;  
Assume not the rod,  
The reckoning is not for you.

### The Little Folks.

#### LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

BY J. L. F.

One bright December morning, Patty, the poor cobbler's only daughter, was busy as usual sweeping out the small shop. She had only to open the door and brush out the sill, but still she stood with one hand on the latch and the other smoothing her straight, wiry hair.

At last she flung open the door, and began to sweep vigorously. It was almost done when she heard behind her a voice which made her start, and then put one hand over her little pug nose, which had turned a bright scarlet in the sharp winter air.

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Griffin!" cried the shrill voice. "You are as charming as ever, I see. But don't look your hand quite so close to that nose. You'll be burned, I'm sure. Besides, it's a shame to cover up such a neat little pot-hole. How handy you must find it, when you go after water, to hang the pail on! And then you need never be afraid of spilling anything on your dress, for your big mouth would be sure to catch it all."

Poor Patty! She had borne all this very bravely almost every day since Margot had moved into the neighborhood. It was very hard to bear, and when Margot kept it to herself and would not grieve her old blind father, who sat cheerfully but painfully over his work.

Toward night, when it was getting almost too dark to see, Patty suddenly heard a terrible cry, and catching up her blanket shawl, she ran to the door, when what should she see but Margot, running up the street with loud screams, and the front of her dress all on fire.

For a moment some very wicked thoughts came into Patty's head, but they were as swift as a flash of lightning, and in another moment Patty found herself running right up to poor Margot, with her shawl all spread out.

With all her strength she threw Margot on the ground, and pressed the shawl tightly down all around her; and before the other neighbors could get to her, the flames were quite smothered in the thick woolen folds, and Margot was taken home, very much frightened, but with only a few trifling burns.

As for Patty, she was folded in her father's arms, and they laughed and cried together. Then the neighbors came in, and called her a brave little girl, worth a dozen Margots, for Margot was no favorite in the neighborhood.

Then one of the boys who had plagued her came timidly and said: "Please forgive me, Patty, for what I did to-day. I don't think you are ugly at all, and when you smile, I think you look sweeter than any girl I know."

"Yes," said a neighbor, "the plainest face in the world looks pretty when a beautiful soul shines through."

"How God has blessed my daughter!" whispered the cobbler. "Every one must love her."

And Patty was very happy, and longed to get away to her own little room and pray to God to give her a beautiful soul.

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### THE "KEEPS" OF THE BIBLE.

SOME THINGS WE ARE TO KEEP.

Ex. 20: 8: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Lev. 26: 2: Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary. I am the Lord.

Ps. 34: 13: Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips



FACTS ABOUT BISHOP HAMLINE.

BY REV. E. DAVIES.

TENTH PAPER.

To one of our ministers he wrote on the importance and necessity of charity: "Oh, this acrimony among Christians and Christian ministers, the disciples and apostles of Jesus Christ! I am sick at heart as I consider its prevalence and its effects. I trust our hearts will be kept free. I would choose to love my enemy with this dagger in my heart and kiss the hand which stabs, rather than possess the feelings of suspicion, jealousy, and uncharitableness which I fear now occupy the feelings of some bosoms in the church. Am I in this uncharitable? I fear I may be; for while charity is the most desirable of all graces as being the fruit and the fragrance of all, it is at the same time the most difficult of them all to acquire and to retain. How easy it is to offend against charity! A word, a whisper, a motion of the pen, a blush upon the cheek, a tremor of the lip, a glance of the eye! Oh, how deeply can any of these wound so delicate a grace as charity! My dear brethren, let us strive against all, and whatever else we are, have charity. If others are suspicious of us, let us be open-bosomed to them. If they look askance, we will look back in a straight line. If they accuse us, we will excuse them. If they revile, we will mingle louder blessings. We will strive to drown out their disquieting and sickening humors with the soft and wholesome drenchings of unadulterated love."

This letter was written at the time when there was so much bitterness in relation to the separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North and South, and shows the excellent spirit of this man of God.

His health was so far recovered that he could preach from four to seven sermons a week without danger, and did so continually. To a friend he writes: "You speak of wit and humor, of jokes and anecdotes among ministers. Alas! I cannot dwell here. If there is not a speedy end to these, the church is marred, if not undone. I can only say keep away from these joking ministers, or get them converted to God! Swearing and joking are somewhat different, but the former is reputed more profane; but as to religion, after much experience and observation, I have no doubt but they are equally sure to kill religion out of their souls and make the heart, so far as the Spirit's graces are concerned, a desert waste. When I was young, Methodist ministers were so solemn in their words and actions, that a sinner trembled in their presence." To the ministers he said, in the language of Wesley: "Preach holiness earnestly, constantly. Preach it to be obtained now, by faith alone." He adds: "Don't fail to do it, brethren. Some may discourage you. They may say it is your hobby. I don't like that word 'hobby,' in this connection. If it means a favorite theme, let it be so. In this sense it should be our hobby. We were raised up to spread Scriptural holiness. If this is what is meant, the Saviour made it a hobby. He came to purify and to cleanse the church. His apostles were sent for the same end. The Gospel has this sole aim. Are we not all pledged (by that altar consecration on which we were received into Conference and elected to orders) to a belief of the doctrine of the sanctification? If a traveling minister who has given that vow or pledge of faith in the doctrine, should come to deny the truth of it, would it not weaken the faith of the church in his integrity, to say nothing of his intelligence? How would such a brother get along in his appropriate work of spreading holiness? Would he be useful? If it were my duty to station him, I should feel like trying to find the place where he will do, not the most good, but the least harm."

After he became a bishop, he still continued his labors as an evangelist to promote revivals of religion in the churches. In the third year of his episcopacy he writes from Laurensburg, Indiana, where he was holding revival services: "This is a day of power here. This church has been noted for its wealth, its backslidings, its internal strife; but, blessed be God! a change has come over them. We came here to spend two or three days, and have been here twenty-two days. More than seventy have joined the church. But the greatest blessing is that more than a hundred of church members have been converted—truly converted; for I believe there was not a sinner in the town removed from justification than many of them were. I am much blessed in my own soul. This day I feel that I am near to the Saviour, dwelling in Him, laboring in His strength, and glorying in His cross."

Glorious revivals were breaking out on every side. He spent one week at Athens, four weeks at Laurensburg, one at Aurora, and on the Cheviot circuit, and several in Cincinnati, preaching the Word and writing. Eleven hundred accessions were reported in one week. Glory to God!

[To be continued.]

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A certain man journeying from the trade to the grave fell among saloon-keepers, who took his money, ruined his name, destroyed his reason, and then turned him into the street. A moderate drinker passed by, looked on him, and said, "Served him right, he is a fool to get drunk." A politician voter, passing, looked on him and said: "The brute! He is not fit to live, he is a disgrace to his family." But a "fanatic"—so called—seeing him, had compassion, raised him up, assisted him to his home, ministered to his wants and those of his family, got him to sign the pledge, pointed him to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and left him in comfort and happiness. Who, think you, was the friend of humanity, the saloon-keeper, the moderate drinker, the politician, or the "fanatic?"

"A man came into town a few days ago to make a few purchases. His friends treated him to drink; he took several drinks, wandered out in the street and begged ten cents; he got it, returned to the saloon, and took another drink. Then he started for home; he came to the railroad; the glittering iron looked inviting to the frenzied man and he lay down to sleep; the train came thundering along—too late to stop the engine when the man was seen; and onward it glided until the man's head was taken from his body. The politicians came and looked on that ghastly sight, went home and opened their papers and read: 'The sheep-husbandry must be protected. Moralism must be suppressed.' They could not find much in those papers about protecting the homes or the boys. Oh, no! This is presidential year! We cannot attend to these minor things. Let them wait."

"The eleventh annual report of the London Temperance Hospital is just issued, and though the management are not bound by any rigid rule to reject alcohol, yet the second instance, only, of its administration, since the establishment in 1874, occurred this year, followed, as was the first, with death of the patient. A confirmed judgment in favor of entire abstinence of alcohol in practice is very rapidly extending through Great Britain, opposed by few physicians who are not addicted to its personal use as a beverage."

A Milwaukee paper asks: "There is in this city one saloon for every twenty-six voters, and as half the people do not drink, every thirteen drunkards must support one saloon. How many women take in washing to support the thirteen drunkards who support each a saloon?"

For more than four hundred years—since the time of Edward VI.—the British Government has been endeavoring, through the policy of licensing the liquor traffic, to diminish the evils coming from it to the nation and the people. To this end more than four hundred and fifty separate acts of Parliament have been adopted, but with no appreciable benefit in any way; on the contrary, the condition of the country has been growing constantly worse, so far as intemperance is concerned, and the poverty, crime, and insanity coming from it have steadily increased. — *Neal Dow.*

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

Hear a word, ye eastern people, about Spokane Falls. This is the one western town which has a Methodist Church which Chaplain McCabe did not build, and a Methodist college with a due building out of debt which has never been debt-begging. This is probably the reason why you have never heard of us. To find us, if your maps are behind the times, draw a line east and west through the middle of Washington Territory, and you will nearly bisect our country. Spokane Falls is about the center of the Idaho line on the N. P. R. R. It is noted for its healthful and agreeable climate, its beautiful surroundings, its lovely waterfall, the enterprise of its people, and the Methodist Church and college above mentioned.

It is of the college especially that I wish to speak. We have had a dedication. After two years of struggle we find ourselves with a building worth \$8,000 and something over twenty acres of land standing free to us only ten minutes' walk from the present business center of the town. We were not always thus. Only ten days ago the clouds hung dark in our sky, but Conference came, and with it one of our new Bishops—Fowler. The rest you can imagine. A big crowd, a magnificent address, skillful managing, and the \$3,600 debt rolled off. Then Rev. William Reddy, of Syracuse, N. Y., preached a dedicatory sermon, and the people felt so well over it that they gave us enough for a bell. So another Methodist college starts in for the race. Fearing that we should get to be bigger than Yale or Harvard, and you should never hear of us, I have written the above. Cut it out and put it in your scrap-book. R. E. BISSEK.

Sept. 18, 1884.

Dr. Tefft.

Miss Frances E. Willard, in one of her very interesting "Lead Pencil Letters," in the Union Signal of Chicago, writes from Bangor:—"At Bangor I had the singular good fortune to see Dr. Tefft. I had wished to see him ever since, in my eleventh year, I had read 'The Shoulder Knot.' This was my first novel, and came into our Methodist home under cover of the Ladies' Repository, a literary journal now extinct, but then edited by Rev. Dr. B. Tefft. My father was of the strictest Puritan habits, and save this story and a surreptitious reading of 'Norman Leslie,' a religious Scotch novel, and 'Jane Eyre,' I knew nothing of such literature. How vivid are the characters still impressed so early in that childish memory which is 'wax to receive and marble to retain!' Richelieu, the Duke of Buckingham, Anne of Austria, his life-long friend. I believe it will be the magnanimous work of our evolution, apologetics. His work on evolution, a religious opus of his studious life and result of twenty years' work, is soon to be published by Lee & Shepard. He showed me the introduction to it written by Bishop Simpson, his life-long friend. I believe it will be the high-water mark of American thought upon that fertile theme. The Doctor is simple and unpretending as a child,

and of such rare sweetness of nature that he can talk to a St. John woman, lover as he is of the 'plumed knight,' listening to her arguments with perfect good nature and without a single eyeglass or explosive epithet!"

NORTH BOSTON DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING.

This meeting assembled in Fitchburg, Sept. 23 and 24. On the evening of the 23d, Rev. P. M. Vinton, of Athol, preached a most excellent sermon on the infinite love of God, and was listened to by an attentive and delighted audience. The secretary, Rev. W. Wignall, in the absence of the president of the meeting, called the meeting together on Wednesday morning; Rev. C. A. Merrill, of Winchendon, conducting the opening services. The following brethren were present: Dr. D. Dorchester, Revs. G. F. Eaton, G. H. Cheney, Elias Hodge, A. A. Graves, E. A. Howard, J. H. Twombly, C. A. Merrill, L. White, M. H. A. Evans, W. J. Pomfret, and W. Wignall. The first topic presented to the meeting was, "The Elements of Efficiency in Preaching," by Bro. Hodge, of Oakdale. He divided the subject into three parts: 1. The requisite conditions of the place in which preaching is held—pure air and the comfort of the audience being considered; 2. The selection of proper and interesting subjects of preaching, principally Christ and Him crucified; 3. The character and manner of the preacher. The subject was ably and interestingly presented, and was greatly enjoyed. Rev. L. White, who has thought largely and closely upon "Providence and Freedom," read a forcible and interesting essay upon this subject. The centennial of Methodism and the means for its suitable observance on the North Boston district, was next considered, and after discussion by the different members of the meeting, a committee, consisting of Dr. Dorchester, G. F. Eaton and Dr. J. H. Twombly, was appointed, to take into consideration the practicability of holding some general exercises of a centenary nature on the district. At noon the ladies of the First Methodist Church gave the preachers an excellent collation.

At 1.30 P. M. the meeting was again called to order, and Bro. G. F. Eaton presented a very interesting and instructive essay on "How far Reason is an Arbiter in Biblical Interpretation." Rev. Dr. J. H. Twombly then spoke for a little over an hour on "The Best Methods of Promoting Revivals." It was an old-fashioned exhortation, and came evidently from the Doctor's heart. He spoke upon the nature of revivals, the desirableness of revivals, and the means for promoting them. It would be impossible to give an adequate report of this address within our limits, but those present received an inspiration sufficient to compensate them for their efforts in being there. It is almost needless to say that Dr. D. Dorchester both instructed and profited those present, in the presentation of his subject—"The Present Outlook of the Temperance Work."

The meeting from the commencement to the close was of unusual interest. Those who presented the subjects with diligence and care, and the result was a meeting profitable and inspiring. Resolutions on the death of Bro. Mars and Lacont were passed by the meeting. A vote of thanks was given to the pastor and the church, and also to the Old Colony Railroad Company for favors to the meeting.

W. WIGNALL, Sec'y.

Obituaries.

The following resolutions were adopted at the Boston Preachers' Meeting, Sept. 29:—

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has removed from this world our brother and fellow-laborer, Rev. NEWELL S. SPAULDING, of this city;

Resolved, That we hold in high estimation the many excellencies of our departed brother as a Christian and Christian minister. He was converted in early life under the labors of Rev. John Lindsey and Rev. Thomas C. Pease, at Barre, Vt., and at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. He joined the New England Conference in 1822, in a class of 37, being the largest class then ever united with the Conference in any one year. For about sixty-six years he was a devoted, successful and successful minister of Jesus Christ. He possessed great purity of character; true and warm in his friendships; kind and benevolent in spirit; wise and unerring in his efforts to do good; reliable and safe in counsel; modest, sincere and unwavering in his convictions of duty; pleasant and cheerful in his social intercourse; ardent in his attachment, without bigotry, to the church of his choice; of deep earnest, genuine piety; and was greatly loved of God in "turning many to righteousness." He was a noble specimen of our early heroic itinerant ministry. He died at Ocean Grove, N. J., Aug. 10, 1884, aged 85 years. He was the oldest member of the Conference at the time of his death. His end was peace.

R. W. ALLEN, Com.

WHEREAS, in the providence of God, Rev. WILLIAM FOSTER LACONT, a member of the N. E. Conference, has been removed by the death from the church militant to the church triumphant, therefore

Resolved, 1. That in the death of Bro. Lacont, a fresh admonition comes to us of the frailty of human life, and a warning to be ever ready for the Master's call.

2. That we record our high appreciation of the earnest, consistent piety, the saintly character, and the true devotion to God and the church which so eminently distinguished the life of our departed brother.

3. That though of an humble spirit, modest and unassuming, yet yet bear ready testimony to his fidelity to the truth, loyalty to the church, faithfulness to duty, wisdom and gentleness of administration, and of good success in the ministry of the Word, to which he was called of God.

4. That we gratefully recognize the abounding grace of God which not only sustained him in the years of his effective ministry, but which, in the lingering days of growing weakness and darkness of the intellect, gave to him unimpaired patience, complete resignation, great sweetness of spirit, and a death of unshaken trust and of great peace in Jesus.

5. That we extend to the afflicted widow and children our warmest sympathies, and would pray that the supporting and sanctifying grace of the husband and father's God may be richly vouchsafed to them.

6. That these resolutions be published in Zion's Herald, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

C. N. SMITH, Com.

The following resolution was adopted by a unanimous rising vote at the second quarterly conference of Trinity M. E. Church, Springfield, held on Monday evening, Sept. 29:—

Resolved, That this quarterly conference has a profound sense of the loss sustained by Trinity Church in the death of Dr. H. H. Jacobs, which took place at Salt Lake City on May 3, 1884, during his return from a visit to the West with his wife and daughter. The church his benevolence helped to build, and which was always the object of his solicitude, has parted with a modest but exemplary member and beloved brother, and his board of trustees with a sagacious and efficient president, while general society is deprived of a skillful physician and a dignified and honored man. His memory is precious, his life instructive, and his sudden departure admonishes us to be ready to meet him in the higher sphere to which we believe our Lord has called him.

F. WOODS, L. E. LAND, } Com.

Mr. CLARENCE H. COX, who was buried, Sept. 16, for the M. E. Church in Mattapan, was one of the most estimable of young men. The following is taken from the Orange Co. (Florida) Reporter of Sept. 18:—

Died, at the residence of S. E. Ives, in Orlando, Fla., on Thursday, Sept. 11, of typhoid malarial, C. H. Cox, aged 28 years.

Mr. Cox came here from Mattapan, a suburb of Boston, Mass., early in June last, and became associated with Mr. Ives in the general grocery trade. He was a gentleman of retiring habits, and this made him not formed a wide acquaintance. But those who knew him became strongly attached to him, and esteemed him for his many sterling qualities. He possessed all the essential requisites of success and popularity, and had he lived he would have been a useful and valued citizen. When illness came upon him he was taken to Mr. Ives' home, and although a stranger in a strange land, he found kind and true friends to minister to him, and nothing was left undone in which they could contribute to his comfort or relieve his sufferings. Throughout his illness he maintained a word of complaint, but bore with patience and never faltered. He was a member of the Odd Fellows order, and while there is no lodge here, gentlemen belonging to the order were promptly on hand to render all assistance possible.

His body was embalmed by Mr. Richards, placed in a metallic casket and returned to his former home for interment. In this journey the mortal part was accompanied by Mr. James Beal, who is an uncle by marriage, and who had taken a warm interest in him. He was with him day and night through his illness.

DANIEL P. NOBBER was born in Ipswich, Mass., Nov. 14, 1807, and died, July 31, 1884, aged 76 years, 8 months.

He always lived in his native town with the exception of the few years of his early business life spent in Salem, Gloucester and Peabody. He married Miss Sarah Stoughton in 1832, with whom one son and daughter of their eight children, still survives him. He joined the M. E. Church in this town, June 7, 1846, and was soon after appointed class-leader, which office he held about thirty years. He was also for many years steward and trustee of the church of his choice. He had a deep and profound affection for all the services and appointments of the house of God. His soul was always filled in the sanctuary and in the place of prayer unless prevented by unavoidable causes, and his voice was always ready with prayer and exhortation. He was an earnest, faithful, consistent Christian, and did not forget that the Lord had a claim upon his substance. He always had a generous respect for every call from the church, and was deliberate in forming his opinions, but firm and positive in them. His judgment was safe and judicious. He was industrious, prompt and exact in his business habits, and earned a reputation for his honesty, uprightness and fidelity.

The voice that summoned him found him ready. He was calm and patient in the presence of death. He frequently expressed his longing desire to go home, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus whom he had so long loved and served. May the influence of this godly life be long felt in the hearts, in the home and in the church, which our brother loved.

C. T. JOHNSON.

SAMUEL CERRIER was born in Walden, Vt., Nov. 26, 1806, and died in Manchester, N. H., Aug. 25, 1884. He was a brother of Rev. John Carrier, a superannuated member of the M. E. Church.

Brother Samuel Carrier was converted in Walden, Vt., when about thirty years of age, and united with the M. E. Church in that town, and remained a member many years. Some ten or twelve years ago he moved, and united with the church at Newbury, Vt., and in the autumn of 1881 he came to Manchester to reside and united with the First M. E. Church here. Some twelve years ago Bro. Carrier entered into a happy experience of the blessing of entire sanctification, and from that time until his death lived in the joyful experience of perfect love. For two or three years past his increasing infirmities prevented him from attending the means of grace most of the time, but when he could be present at prayer or class-meeting he always took great delight in testifying that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Bro. Carrier was not one who merely endured his religion, he enjoyed it. Religion took full possession of his soul, dwelt continually in his thoughts, and found such ready expression upon his lips, that one could not talk long with him without the subject of religion being introduced. All through his last sickness, which continued several weeks, he manifested the most perfect resignation, and calmly and confidently waited for Jesus to come to console him to the mansion above. Often when his pastor read the Scriptures and prayed with him, he shouted aloud his triumph in Christ.

The remains were interred at Walden, Vt., Aug. 27, where the funeral was attended by Rev. P. N. Granger, presiding elder of St. Johnsbury district, Vermont Conference, who was once his pastor. The widow and children may be contacted by the thought that the husband and father has only preceded them into the unutterable glories of the heavenly world, where they may join him by and by, if faithful in God's service here below.

J. W. PRESSLEY.

Rev. STEPHEN WESCOTT HAMMOND, a local deacon of the M. E. Church, died at Danielsonville, Conn., June 8, 1884, aged 78 years and 4 months.

At the threshold of his manhood an ardent nature was brought under the power of grace, and from that time the energies of Stephen Hammond were used for God and Methodism. He was the oldest of a family of eight, and did not rest until he had led his six brothers and sister to Christ. One brother soon died in triumph, the others still live. In November, 1832, his father, Rev. Isaac Johnson, gave him a license to exhort, with the command to "use it." This he began at once. To three years later he was licensed to preach, and in 1842 was elected by the Providence Conference to deacon's orders and ordained by Bishop Waugh. As a preacher his style was vigorous and impressive, and always bore marks of his individuality. Within a year a gentleman from a distant place quoted to Mr. Hammond texts and expressions of sermons delivered forty years ago. For many years, while supporting his family by labor at the blacksmith's forge, this earnest man was accustomed to preach every Sunday and frequently during the week. In the winter of 1841-2, his labors of this kind at Danielsonville, five miles from

his home at that time, were blessed to the awakening and conversion of nearly two hundred souls. Out of that revival grew the church which still remains. Soon after, the zealous local preacher turned his attention to the village now known as Versailles, a score of miles from his home, and there a like result followed his efforts. Everywhere he was popular and helpful of every parish. He was one of the rare to whom the church will never cease to owe a debt of gratitude; whose unpaid toil in the gospel ministry prepared the way for the favored pastors of to-day. All honor to the memory of the noble local preachers who rest from their labors! "Their works do follow them."

During his residence in Danielsonville, though opportunities for preaching were not frequent, our brother has been the faithful friend and helper of every parish. For a number of years he served as a class-leader, and for which position he had peculiar fitness, and by his exhortations and prayers in the social meetings, did much to promote the cause of Christ. Brother Hammond's first text was, "I go a fishing," and his most signal success was in personal effort for souls. A favorite maxim of his was, "Always have a fish at your hook," and to his latest days he prayed for souls and sought with consummate tact and skill to win them to Christ. A love for the beautiful, especially in nature, was a marked characteristic of this good man, and some of his happiest moments were spent in shady groves alone with God's wondrous works and their great Creator. His piety was always of the cheerful type. "The former days were better than these," was an expression never on his lips. The habit of looking on the bright side of and expressing hope for the future triumphs of Christianity made his conversation and his public utterances refreshing and inspiring. His home-life was particularly beautiful. For fifty-five years he and the excellent lady, who in loneliness waits the time of the reunion beyond the river, journeyed together in delightful companionship. Two sons and three daughters survive a devoted father.

During the last eighteen months of his life, the departed brother was a great sufferer, but the grace which had inspired and sustained him, in half a century of toil for Christ, triumphed over the tortures of dissolving nature. Some of his most thrilling testimonies were given as he was at intervals well enough to attend social services and tell how God helped him to bear his pain and filled his sleepless nights with joy. His interest in children and passionate fondness for flowers had caused him to anticipate peculiar enjoyment in the services of Children's Day, and it is an interesting fact that on that bright Sabbath morning in June he went to the land where flowers are perennial and youth is immortal.

J. H. JAMES.

MARTHA LORD was born in Ipswich, Mass., Dec. 1, 1809, and died, July 30, 1884, aged 74 years, 8 months, 29 days.

She united with the M. E. Church in February, 1828, under the labors of Rev. Nathan Faine. By the death of her husband, Mr. Joshua Lord, in 1848, she was left with six children and a small property. Her energy and industry enabled her to keep the little family together, and she was permitted to see five of them comfortably settled in life—one having been removed by death. As a neighbor she was kind, sympathetic, and helpful; as a parent she was faithful, affectionate and true; as a Christian she was stable, patient, cheerful and consistent. Her death came in a moment, but sudden death is sudden glory to the children of God. "One generation after another passeth away."

C. T. JOHNSON.

Give Them A Chance.

If the thousands and tens of thousands of weak and weary sufferers throughout the land, who in spite of care and skill, are steadily drifting downward, could have the benefit of that singularly Vitalizing Treatment now so widely dispensed by Dr. Starkey & Paine, of 1109 Grand St., Philadelphia, the help, and ease, and comfort it would bring to weary bodies and depressed spirits would be blessings beyond price. If, reader, you have an invalid wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister, or any one who is under your care or dependent upon you, and to whom life has become a burden through weakness and pain, consider seriously whether you are not bound, in both love and duty, to give this sufferer a chance of recovery, or, at least, the blessing of ease from pain. You are offered the simplest means of information in regard to this new Treatment. If you can examine testimony without prejudice, and can read and believe, you will find in the last stages of Consumption by the best lung doctors in Boston and elsewhere, that I would advise all afflicted to use the Pills.

Truly Yours, ARNOLD P. NASH.

From a Minister.

Pembroke Mass., Sept. 27, 1883.

I believe Bates' Consumption Pills are a great blessing to Consumptives as I can truly testify.

Rev. Dr. Starkey & Paine, Philadelphia.

North Weymouth, Mass., July 1, 1882.

I have had serious trouble with Catarrh in the head, throat and lungs, and have been unable to get any relief from the best remedies, and would recommend them to all who have Catarrh, Throat, or Lung trouble.

Yours truly, L. D. WILDES.

Head Chorister, First Congregational Church.

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It is a type of catarrh having very peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts, throat, and all the organs affected by the discharge is accompanied by a burning sensation. There are severe attacks of sneezing, frequent watery and itching eyes.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM CURES GOLDEN RING COLD, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, ETC.

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